

# THE FORTNIGHTLY

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## PALESTINE : PROMISE AND COMPROMISE

BY KENNETH WILLIAMS

THE minds of most Britons to-day who are concerned in the fate of Palestine—and there is no problem outside Europe that can compare with it in interest and significance—are focussed on the present appalling situation. Some may deplore the fact that British lives should be sacrificed in what is apparently a vain mandatory endeavour ; some may assert that one side is wholly to blame, and should be either coerced or abandoned ; and others may question their own hearts, and ask whether, had they been Arabs faced with the fear of alien domination, their reactions would have been very dissimilar from those of the indigenous population of Palestine, or, had they been persecuted Jews, they would not have done their all to find a safe home at last.

The present, however, may soon pass ; yet, before turning to the future, I would like to give a Zionist and an Arab point of view upon the past, which has led to the present, in Palestine.

“ Whenever you have trouble in British overseas territory,” said a prominent Zionist to me recently, “ look to the Administration. There you will find the root of the trouble. It is, unquestionably, the local Administration which is the culprit for the pass in which Palestine now finds itself. For years that Administration has thwarted the working of the Mandate ; its obstructionist tactics now extend to the military whose job it is to clear the disorder which need never have been created. In a hundred different ways the civilian officials of Palestine have proved that they are unwilling to fight the rebels ; they have caused the soldiers almost to despair.

“ And their attitude to civilians who have been murdered by the Arabs is callous in the extreme. ‘ Brought it on themselves,’ is the usual epitaph on the few officials who really tried to carry out their duties fearlessly. Actually, the majority of the officials



seem to have been procured out of the bargain basement ; they are opportunists almost to a man, with no vision and no thought but for their own welfare. But they are safe, or think themselves so. Not even the criticisms of a Royal Commission could disturb their serenity : they merely sat back and laughed when visiting commissioners pronounced against them. Until this Administration is radically changed and replaced by a set of men who have had special experience in the handling of such problems as beset Palestine, there will be no lasting peace and prosperity. Why, to-day, the Administration is mocked by both Jew and Arab ; there is no respect left for it. Officials have lost all sense of dignity and shame : the decline in their prestige has been catastrophic."

It was not unfamiliar, this diatribe against officialdom in Palestine : one had heard it many times before, and in days less tragic for the Holy Land than the present. But never with such a degree of concentrated embitteredness, of anxiety, of foreboding, and, for my part, at any rate, of lack of convincingness.

A day or two later I met the other side of the picture. "It is not at all the fault of your Administration," said an Arab who has experienced at first hand what Anglo-Arab co-operation can achieve. "All along it has been a mistake that the Colonial Office, and not the Foreign Office, should have dealt with the problem of Palestine, which is one not of administration but of fundamental international policy. The Jerusalem Administration may have been good or bad—it is not for me to say : what I do say is that that Administration has always been faced with an impossible task, one in which neither it nor any conceivable Administration could possibly have succeeded.

"Why the British people should imagine, after seeing what has happened elsewhere than in Palestine to the arrangements which were come to during or after the War, that they are eternally bound either by the Balfour Declaration, or, for that matter, by the pledges to the Arabs, I cannot tell. The real problem in Palestine is to face facts, not to refer to documents which may mean this or that. And the central fact is the ineradicable Arab opposition to Zionism.

"The Palestine question is not merely a question of Palestine



Arabs and Zionists. All Arab countries feel as one on this matter. We are brothers. You of the West made frontiers between us. They are artificial frontiers. You will never get this Palestine problem solved until you have realized the force of Arab unity. It is not an ideological problem ; it is, I repeat, one of policy. And if the British policy in the Near East is not one of perennial unrest, Palestine can be settled in only one way."

That each of these spokesmen was utterly sincere few who have at all closely studied the question of modern Palestine would be disposed to deny. The Zionist stands by the Mandate, and seeing that threatened, plumps hesitantly, not unanimously, for a projected independent Jewish State in Palestine, cursing the while the Palestine Administration. The Arab rejects the Mandate, the Jewish State also, and, seeing the menace of neither convincingly removed, rebels, cursing the while not only the Palestine Administration, but also the British Government.

Which will prevail ? Those who put their faith in documents, the implementation of which they call justice ? Or those who put their faith in force, which they assert is resorted to because justice has been denied ?

As I write one thing seems fairly certain ; the plans neither of the Arabs nor of Zionists will be accepted in their entirety. Tripartite division of Palestine, in the sense suggested by the Royal Commission, is apparently dead : there will be no independent Jewish State. The British Government have not yet disclosed their hand, but nobody believes that the Woodhead Commission will recommend the setting up of a Jewish State to include Galilee—and the Zionists have sworn that without that province, containing over 200,000 Arabs, they will not accept a State.

The field has been limited to four general choices, though far more " solutions " than that have been proffered. First, there is what is known as the Iraq Plan, infolded by the Iraq Foreign Minister in London this month. This would set up a Constituent Assembly elected from the existing population of Palestine. There would be no more Jewish immigration. Palestine would be joined to Trans-Jordan, and the peoples of these areas would choose their king or president. After an interval of



perhaps twenty years this new State would conclude with Great Britain a treaty similar to the 1932 Anglo-Iraqi model, in which British Imperial interests would be safeguarded.

Secondly, there is the suggestion that Palestine should forthwith be made a Crown Colony, with Great Britain relieved of her mandatory obligations, and notably of the Balfour Declaration.

Thirdly, it has been proposed that the principle of parity between Arab and Jew in Palestine should be established, irrespective of existing numbers, and that on the Legislative Council which should contain Arabs and Jews in equal numbers there should always be an official majority in order to get work done.

And fourthly, a fusion of the idea of Arab independence and a continuation of the mandatory *régime*, in the form of bipartite partition, has been propounded. It is thought that certain wholly Arab parts of Palestine should be joined with the State of Trans-Jordan, but that the rest, to include Galilee, which is the essential hinterland of the port of Haifa, should be ruled under permanent British mandate. An interesting part of this scheme concerns the removal of the capital, or seat of government, from Jerusalem to Haifa. (This last suggestion is not so revolutionary as it may sound. Jerusalem has always been a hopeless capital ; it might well be left as a purely religious centre. For days during recent weeks it has been entirely cut off from the rest of the world, except by wireless—a fate which could not befall Haifa).

These four plans are worth briefly considering *seriatim*. An adoption of the Iraq Plan, even after the rebels had received hard knocks from the lately reinforced Palestine garrison, would doubtless be called in some quarters a surrender. But in view of the precedents of Iraq and Egypt alone, to say nothing of territories under British influence outside the Near East, that jibe loses some of its sting. The most considerable objections to it arise from fears upon the ultimate fate of the Jewish minority and possibly from certain apprehensions on the British Imperial position in Palestine. The Jews, naturally, have made the most of the Assyrian massacres of 1933—one of the worst mistakes which the Arabs, though by no means wholly



to blame, ever perpetrated, from the international point of view. It is widely felt that, however impressive the record of Arab treatment of Jews elsewhere than in Palestine, the new immigrants would not be really secure in an independent, unified Palestine. Nor, it is widely felt, would the British be content in Palestine with such Imperial guarantees as they have in Iraq. It will be admitted that the existence of the Suez Canal near Palestine's borders places the Holy Land, from the British strategic point of view, into a category somewhat different from that of Iraq. Yet this Iraq Plan has helped to clear the issue.

The notion that Palestine should be converted into a Crown Colony, without the mandatory obligations and particularly without the obligations in respect of the Balfour Declaration, is one that has appealed to many simple and to not a few shrewd minds. It has attracted the support of a variety of brains, military, commercial, political, even ecclesiastical. But whether the British Government, with its record of fidelity to the League of Nations, and with its frowning upon those who despise the Covenant, would bring itself to such a bold *volte face* may perhaps be doubted. Many Jews would welcome such a development, so, too, perhaps, many Arabs. But the desire for independence among other Palestinian Arabs would remain unappeased: and Palestine, even without complications regarding immigration and so on, would not be so easy to govern as is say, Cyprus. And Great Britain ardently wants friendly relations with all the Mediterranean lands that are allied to her or come under her influence.

As for the third scheme, that of establishing parity between Arabs and Jews in Palestine, this can hardly be said to provide solution in itself; and it is as far as is possible a final solution which the British Government is trying to evolve. It might be agreeable to the Jews, but the Arabs would have none of it.

Most attention, therefore, is likely to be paid to the fourth suggestion, which is essentially a compromise between promises, a compromise between the idea of an independent Palestine and a continuation of the mandatory *régime*. It represents, in the opinion of extremely well qualified judges, the best way out from admittedly contradictory promises. The British promises in



respect of Palestine were, or have been interpreted as being, from the Arab point of view, eventual independence (for the very mandatory idea implies as much) and, from the Jewish point of view, the establishment of a Jewish National Home. Neither promise can be fully realized without detriment to the other.

Here it is necessary to say a very blunt word. Hitherto, during the last year or two, at any rate, all analysts of the Palestine problem have treated the Holy Land either as an indivisible whole (this applies both to Arabs and to many Jews) or as susceptible of tripartite division. The aim of such analysts has been the satisfaction either of Arab or of Jewish claims. But the future of both Arabs and Jews, for good or ill, is inseparably bound up with the fate of the British Empire; from that angle it could therefore be argued that what is good for the Empire is good for all communities in Palestine.

Let us be quite frank. There has already been far too much disingenuousness over this matter. What are British interests in Palestine? They are of two kinds, sentimental (to use the word in its highest sense), and strategic. Great Britain has an abiding interest, and a duty to perform in Jerusalem, Bethlehem, and Nazareth. Her strategic interests may be said to comprise in varying degrees of importance, Haifa, the pipe-line, and, in connection with the defence of the Suez Canal, the whole Palestine coast and its immediate hinterland. Can these interests be dovetailed into the Arabs' desire for independence and the Jewish desire to live in security in Palestine?

To suggest a bipartite division of Palestine which would guarantee to the Arabs a large area of independence and at the same time preserve in the mandated area what exists of or amounts to a Jewish National Home would not be difficult with the aid of a map. It is also not difficult to conceive of new mandates for these two areas. That for the Arab area would presumably stipulate some time limit for the transition period during which Arab Palestine would prepare for complete independence; that for the remainder of the country, that is, for the country under permanent mandate, would be saddled with no Balfour Declaration, and still less with the projected Jewish State.

From the British point of view such a division of the country



would present inestimable advantages. It would, as has been pointed out, secure British sentimental and strategic interests ; it would remove from the area for which Great Britain would be responsible the stronghold of anti-British, as distinct from anti-Jewish, agitation, and it might conciliate the Arab leaders and Arab public opinion outside Palestine. This last contingency may sound optimistic. But non-Palestinian Arab leaders would quickly see that the scheme would banish for ever the fear of a Jewish State or of a Jewish majority, that in the mandated area left the Arabs would have equal right with Jews—the Balfour Declaration having ceased to apply—and that access to the sea and to the neighbouring countries of Lebanon and Syria would be enjoyed by the independent Arab State in Palestine, not through a Jewish State, but through British mandated territory. Very surely this scheme would be recognized by Arabs as a great improvement upon that of tripartite division.

In the West, however, it is the Jewish point of view on Palestine that gains most publicity. What would the Jews, deprived, under this scheme, of the projected Jewish State and of the Balfour Declaration, stand to gain? First, their complaint that the Jewish State, as suggested by the Royal Commission, was too small, would be set against the fact that the new mandated area would be much larger than that outlined for that State. Secondly, the Zionists' awful bogey of having to undergo a minority status would be for ever wafted away, for they would by right of population enjoy parity with the Arabs. Thirdly, both Arab and Jewish immigration into the new mandated territory would be controlled, but potential scope for close settlement would continue to exist. Fourthly, within the reduced mandatory zone there would be prospects of greater security than have hitherto prevailed. And fifthly—possibly the largest consideration of all—collaboration with the Arabs in a Legislative Council for the new mandated territory might lead to an Arab-Jewish rapprochement and later to an understanding. All Jews, whether Zionist or non-Zionist, know how Arabs and Jews, before the days of Zionism, co-operated in the past, and, once the Arab fear of being dominated were removed, might collaborate again in the future. To expatiate on this last



prospect might at the moment be out of place, but it is not inconceivable that Arab countries beyond Palestine might, in a mood different from their present temper, open their doors to numbers of Jewish settlers. Many Arabs have openly talked of this settlement as a possibility, once the dream of Zionism is dissipated. Until that dream is renounced, there is not the ghost of a chance of settlement in lands beyond the Jordan.

Such, in brief outline and with many vital points necessarily omitted, is the scheme to which many Britons, sympathetic with the indigenous population of Palestine, admiring of the efforts of the new population, yet holding that British interests are pre-eminent, would accord support.

To attempt prophecy on Palestine, where so many prophecies have been belied, so many hopes frustrated or crushed, so many fears realized or set at naught, is a task to which none but the theologically-minded set themselves. At the time of writing it is more than ever superfluous. Before these lines are printed the report of the Woodhead Commission should be available. Similarly before the date of the publication of this article we should know whether the British forces in Palestine are to conquer the rebels, or whether the Arabs, believing their cause won, will help in the task of restoring order. However order be restored, the final pronouncement by the Government is expected shortly. This policy has to pass the scrutiny of Parliament and of the League of Nations. That passage may be difficult, but if the plan be sufficiently bold, if a real endeavour be made to make good past mistakes, all may be well.

In Palestine we are at bedrock, with the facts hitting us in the eye as clearly as do the very hills of the Holy Land, sometimes gaunt, sometimes lowering, but always invested with solemnity, profundity, and if there be faith, with benediction. Great Britain is at the parting of the ways. She has tried to put back the clock, and she has failed. Happily she has to the world confessed her failure: the present Mandate, she has declared, is unworkable. Now she is to produce, with all the weight of painful experience, and with the most expert evidence upon the pros and cons, a scheme that is at once equitable and practicable. Equitable suggests an approximation: for justice has been invoked by both sides, and both cannot be fully and



simultaneously satisfied. Practicable also is an adjective which can be defined only by the Government (and certainly not by critics who live miles away from the scene of operations), that Government which desires and needs the friendship both of the world of Islam and of the world of Jewry. Deep calls to deep, and it may be that the finest minds of Islam and finest minds of Jewry could, with Great Britain as helper, find a common plane.

But between Arabs and Zionists there is an unbridgeable gulf : the chasm has yawned wider with the passing of the years. Yet those years are but twenty in number, an insignificant number in the long tale of Islam and in the longer tale of Jewry. Zionism is a tremendous force, but who would say that it is stronger intrinsically than Arab Nationalism ? Moreover, to blame either Arab or Zionist for the present situation in Palestine is unworthy ; the real fault lies elsewhere. But Great Britain has confessed that. She will make amends. The scales are now fallen from her eyes, and what she undertakes to do in the future in Palestine will be decided in the knowledge that she can do it. The post-War tale of Palestine is a long, dishonest tragedy. Many fine things have been done, many fine lives, also, uselessly lost. Let us hope now that, as the curtain runs down on one scene, there may shine on the next a nobler, serener, steadier, light than has confused the issue over the last two decades.



## THE PEACE APPROACH

BY JOHN ARMITAGE

IT is probable that the solid phalanx of opinion, which supports and relies upon the judgment of the Prime Minister, fails to appreciate the implications of pursuing his foreign policy to its logical conclusion. It is possible that few of Mr. Chamberlain's supporters have cared to visualize the noose into which they have so deliberately put their necks, hoping against hope that Herr Hitler will never pull the string. It is probable and possible, but by no means certain.

The difference of opinion between Mr. Chamberlain's supporters, and Mr. Chamberlain's detractors, is a difference not of policy but of approach to the whole subject of international relations. It is idle to pretend that all the followers of Mr. Chamberlain were guided by craven fear into accepting a surrender for the sake of peace at any price. It is foolish to suppose that they did not count the cost. The crisis made men think, and, rightly or wrongly, many came to the conclusion that to answer force with force, disregarding the wishes of the people, was a crime against reason and humanity. For as a policy it is barren. It foresees the worst and aims to get the blow in first. It thunders, it draws a dismal picture of what may be, and it accuses its enemies of blindness to the tempo of our age. But it is not blindness ; it is vision, realization that millions of lives must not be sacrificed at intervals of twenty years on the altar of power politics, and appreciation that only by showing a peaceful front can this country escape the responsibility of war. Therefore, for the many, Chamberlain is right. Whatever the results of his policy, whatever the future may hold in store for us, Mr. Chamberlain has shown himself a man of peace. And that is much. The British Empire, in many people's eyes, remains an instrument for good, but it is our responsibility to see that we defend the instrument in preference to the power it brings.



All foreign policy is necessarily propounded on a short term basis. It is too difficult to look ahead. Yet all our policy should be guided by the common aim of doing good. Viscount Cranborne, in the course of his recent speech in the House of Commons, said, "A change of heart among those who are responsible for the destinies of nations was never more necessary than it is to-day. Recurring crises of the type we have just witnessed must spell in time the doom of civilization, for under such conditions you can have no confidence. Without confidence between the nations you can have no co-operation, and without co-operation between the nations you can have no prosperity". Admittedly the quotation is taken out of its context, for Viscount Cranborne does not agree with Mr. Chamberlain's policy, but standing as it does, it speaks the minds of many who seek a lead to-day. If this is our ideal, it is useless to deny the action it implies. If we accept the doctrine, then we must bear the burden and refuse to speak in the idiom of Nazi Germany. The world requires a lead, and Great Britain, still the most powerful country in the world, must give it or resign her power. So says Chamberlain, and so, indeed, says Churchill, only in these words "This is only the beginning of the reckoning. This is only the first sip, the first foretaste of a bitter cup which will be proffered to us year by year unless by a supreme recovery of moral health and material vigour, we arise again and take our stand for freedom as in the olden time". The words of Churchill to the people of Great Britain bear a strange resemblance to the words of Hitler to the people of Germany. Rise up, rise up, bring peace with the sword; let us prove our freedom (superiority) and then give peace to the world. It is the story of many hundreds of years, thousands of years; it has been tried by many empires, and it has never brought peace. Peace is born of co-operation, as it was born between Norway and Sweden, when they refused to fight over their differences; it has been born at last between England and Ireland by the same means and after the sword had failed for four hundred years.

Some day, it is the hope of everyone, there will be co-operation and peace with Germany. Even in our generation it might come if Germany ceased to seek peace with the weapons of war. All the right is not with France and Great Britain, all the wrong



is not on Germany's side. We are agreed with Mr. Chamberlain that "if Article XIX. of the Covenant providing for the revision of the Treaties by agreement had been put into operation, as was contemplated by the framers of the Covenant, instead of waiting until passion became so exasperated that revision by agreement became impossible, we might have avoided the crisis". Even for Hitler's methods, we are in part responsible, for it is impossible to believe that if Herr Hitler had, throughout his career as dictator, adopted the language of sweet reasonableness rather than that of the mailed fist, he would have achieved anything like as much as he has already for the German people. Yet Hitler's methods may yet wreck all. If the world is to retain its sanity then aggression, or threats of aggression cannot be tolerated. With Mr. Chamberlain we have a chance of peace, for he believes that as long as one can keep the door open, and one foot on the mat, marked *salve*, there is a chance of settlement but that once shut there is no knowing at what cost it will be opened again.

Not that anyone, at this moment, can feel very sanguine that Mr. Chamberlain's policy will succeed; his flower, safety, will not easily be plucked. But for all that he has a policy, a policy of peace backed by the prayers of millions in most countries of the world. Many men have spoken words of praise in favour of the Prime Minister's first flight to Berchtesgaden, and Mr. Maxton spoke truly when he said that Mr. Chamberlain had done "something that the mass of the common people in the world wanted done". What Mr. Chamberlain did, and therein lay its greatness, was to humble himself in the cause of peace. He did not bellow, he did not threaten, and he did not lose his temper, he asked as man to man and in his efforts he was immeasurably supported by the prayers of countless "common people" to whose existence he had brought fresh hope. His was an action of honesty, and simplicity, cutting the diplomatic chain, which fetters unreasonably our relations with foreign Powers. As a politician he accepted the trust of the people and as a man he knew, in the words of Lord Elton, that "1914—1918 taught us that we do not fight a war that things may be better, we only fight it that they may not be worse".

Great Britain is still a very powerful nation, rich in empire;



her riches encourage envy. If peace is to be preserved, it will be necessary for her to show that she can give as well as receive. In the face of all difficulties—the present truculent state of Germany not the least of them—it will be a tremendous task, and it will demand great sacrifices from the individual. Somehow it must be done. As long as Europe can be kept from general war, there is always hope, but once war breaks out, to be followed in time by another bitter peace, the building will need to start from the foundations again. Now is the time, when the peoples of Europe have just drawn back from looking into the abyss to seek the house of peace, to hold out the hand of friendship and co-operation, to show that we do not begrudge others a place in the sun. Now is the time to show that we are worthy of the Empire we have gained.



## MUNICH AND AFTER

BY PROFESSOR R. W. SETON-WATSON

EVER since the German annexation of Austria last March, events have continued to move at such break-neck pace that the monthly chronicler is left breathless and far in the rear. Especially is this true of the months of September and October, which have witnessed the abandonment of Czechoslovakia by the Western Powers and her consequent loss of independence, the collapse of the French system of alliances, and the rivetting of the Berlin-Rome axis. France and Britain have been driven onto a precarious defensive, and an exultant Nazi Germany is hastening to establish its political and economic hegemony over the belt of small states which lie between her new frontiers and the Black and Aegean Seas. The Prime Minister may revive the old phrase of "Peace with Honour" (long ago exploded even in its original context); but all the peoples "of whom we know nothing" (to use his now famous phrase), and whom we are therefore ready to sacrifice to the aggressor for the sake of a quiet life, now know what value to attach to the word of France and Britain, and are preparing to shape their policy accordingly. France and Britain are now isolated; their alliance is rooted in dishonour, and will not, because for reasons of self preservation it cannot, be repudiated: but it is already being weakened by mutual recriminations as to relative responsibility for the *débâcle* of Munich. Let us then explore the process by which this rapid deterioration in the general situation has been achieved. This is all the more necessary because the flood of ill-considered adulation of Mr. Chamberlain has left a thick sediment upon the actual facts of the settlement, which it is now the duty of the critics to remove.

The fall of Austria transformed the strategic situation in Europe. In particular it accentuated the position of Czechoslovakia as an exposed bastion, or natural fortress, now almost



surrounded by the territory of a rearmed and aggressive Power of 75 millions. It is true that at the crucial moment of the Anschluss, when the Reich was naturally desirous of reassuring all her neighbours, Czechoslovakia was informed, in the most explicit terms, both by the German Minister in Prague, and by Marshal Göring, then acting for the Führer, that Germany entertained no aggressive designs against her ; and Lord Halifax in the House of Lords took public note of these assurances and declared that " we naturally expect the German Government to abide by them ". " If indeed ", he added, " they desire to see European peace maintained, there is no quarter of Europe in which it is more vital that undertakings should be scrupulously respected ".

If for the moment these pronouncements, and Mr. Chamberlain's statement of 24 March (on the virtual impossibility of localizing war) had a sedative effect in the West, they could not arrest the ferment throughout Central Europe. In Bohemia the Sudeten German Party openly welcomed the achievement of " Greater Germany ", and its leader Herr Henlein, who hitherto in all his dealings with Prague and with foreign opinion had been careful to stress his acceptance of the Czechoslovak constitution and of Masaryk's democratic principles, now on 25 April, in the so-called Karlsbad Eight Points, declared his policy to be " inspired by the principles and ideas of National Socialism ", and demanded not merely an extreme form of autonomy and the recognition of the Germans as a " legal personality ", but also a complete revision of Czechoslovak foreign policy—which meant Czechoslovakia's abandonment of the French and Russian alliance and her entry into the orbit of Berlin. His party at once stiffened up its totalitarian attitude, and there was a regular landslide away from those German parties who had practised " activism " or co-operation with the Czechs. Municipal elections were due to begin on 23 May, and only the Social Democrats, for whom Henlein's victory meant not merely political extinction but the internment camp and the oxhide whip, had the courage to stand up to him. Their late colleagues, Agrarians and Clericals, allowed themselves to be intimidated by the " whisper propaganda " which foretold the early arrival of Hitler in " Sudeten-Deutschland ". Nor was this mere fancy,



for early in May the Reich began to mass troops near the Bohemian frontier, in very much the same way as on the Bavarian-Austrian frontier on the eve of the Anschluss. But on 21 May the bluff was called by a partial Czech mobilization, and by a warning from London, that a German attack might easily lead to general war.

The twenty-first May was a notable date. For the first time one of Hitler's lighting *coups* failed to come off, and great was his fury and resentment, concentrating against "this Benes"\* who had dared to thwart a dictator's will. During June and July there was a lull in the storm, but on both sides military preparations continued, and the laborious negotiations between the Czech Government and the Sudeten leaders made but little progress, for the excellent reason that Henlein now referred everything to Berchtesgaden or Berlin. That the Reich no longer desired a negotiated agreement between the two sides, but the capitulation of Prague both in foreign and domestic policy, was made abundantly obvious by the full blast of the German inspired press and Radio against President Benes and his whole *régime*. During this period the British and French Governments were constantly urging further concessions upon the Government of Prague, and as it then seemed possible that they might themselves become involved in war as a result of the dispute, no one can reasonably take exception to the pressure then exercised. It must, however, not be overlooked, that it was owing to the action of the two Western Powers that the Hodza Cabinet desisted from its original intention of publishing the very liberal "Nationality Statute" which it had drawn up, and pushing it through Parliament by the end of July, and then into immediate operation. They thereby assumed a share of the responsibility for the success or failure of negotiations.

That responsibility was greatly increased when London, with the full approval of Paris (some say the suggestion came from Paris, some that it was proposed by Lord Halifax to the Quai d'Orsay during the Royal visit) sent the Runciman Mission to Prague. The Prime Minister, in announcing this to the House,

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\*His speech at the Berlin Sport Palace on 26th September surpassed even his own previous efforts in abuse, and deserves close study by those who wish to know his mind.

described Lord Runciman as "not in any sense an arbitrator", but as "an investigator and mediator", only acting "in his personal capacity". But it is obvious that his presence in Prague during six critical weeks constituted intervention on our part, and the assumption of a moral obligation towards both Czechs and Sudeten Germans. This is not diminished by the fact that between 26 July and 1 September (as the Prime Minister told us in his speech of 28 September) no less than four representations were made by the British Ambassador in Berlin, to the effect that Germany's military preparations might not only endanger the success of the Runciman Mission, but even the peace of Europe. He went so far as to speak of "a threatening gesture towards Czechoslovakia", which might destroy the prospect of Anglo-German conversations.

It was in this atmosphere that on 5 September the Hodza Government produced the so-called "Fourth Plan", which, in Lord Runciman's view "embodied almost all the requirements of the Karlsbad Points, and with a little clarification and extension could have been made to cover them in their entirety". He added his conviction that such an agreement "did not suit the policy of the Sudeten extremists", and that "responsibility for the final break must rest on Herr Henlein and Herr Frank and those of their supporters inside and outside the country who were urging them to extreme and unconstitutional action". The inference is clear, that the Sudeten leaders, encouraged from Berlin, were no longer working for a settlement, however favourable, inside the Czechoslovak State, but for complete secession: and sure enough on 14 September Henlein rejected Fourth Plan and Karlsbad Points alike, proclaimed a separatist programme without even consulting his own executive, much less the rank and file of his party, and then precipitately fled to Germany. Mr. Chamberlain has publicly confirmed to us what was already known to the initiated, that at the moment of Henlein's flight Herr Hitler was contemplating an immediate invasion of Czechoslovakia" and was even "prepared to risk a world war" for the Sudeten Germans. The Prime Minister is probably right in thinking that his decision to visit Berchtesgaden a day later, averted the immediate outbreak of war. But those who justly applaud his courage and his contempt



for convention, overlook the true inwardness of his surrender at Berchtesgaden.

In his broadcast of 27 September he made the naïve avowal that he had "thought he had given Herr Hitler the substance of what he wanted". In other words, he brought back with him Hitler's terms, got them accepted by his own Cabinet and by M.M. Daladier and Bonnet at their joint meeting in London, and then without even consulting beforehand the other party to the dispute (it does not seem to have occurred to him to fly on to Prague and see President Benes, who after all had some right to be heard, if only in view of twenty years' unique experience of European diplomacy and of his close friendship with Sir Austen Chamberlain), presented this "Anglo-French Plan" like a pistol at the head of the dismayed Czechs, at the very moment when the Hodza Cabinet had at last almost reached agreement with the more reasonable elements among the Sudeten Germans.

The need for rapid action was only too patent, but it was peculiarly unfortunate that Parliament was not in session, and that Mr. Chamberlain should on each of his three successive visits to Germany have created definite *faits accomplis* which could hardly be undone. In particular the Anglo-French Plan of 18 September has never been subjected to the criticism it deserved: yet it is an extremely vague and amateur document, and of course represents an abrupt abandonment of the whole basis of the Runciman Mission. For that matter mystery still surrounds the sudden volteface of Lord Runciman, who in the second week of September still approved the Fourth Plan. Yet a few days later he wrote a report in favour of amputation, while frankly admitting that history had proved that German and Czech "can live together on friendly terms" and that "economic connexions are so close that an absolute separation is not only *undesirable but inconceivable*." These utterly conflicting views were issued as the first item in the Government White Paper, and have led some critics to ask whether the whole mission was not an elaborate manoeuvre, and to suggest that amputation had been resolved upon ever since the Prime Minister told a group of American journalists last May that Czechoslovakia could not hope to retain her German districts; that a plan was drawn up during the Wiedemann visit to London and approved by the

French during the Royal visit to Paris; and that the notorious *Times* article of 7 September advocating partition, was the gunshot that set the avalanche in motion.

If there is evidence for all this, it has certainly not yet been produced: but we are no less certainly entitled to say that Lord Runciman still owes us an explanation for his sudden conversion, and that no newcomer, however distinguished, has the right to pronounce sentence of life or death on a whole country of which he has only had a few weeks' experience.

The main features of the Plan were that all districts containing 50 per cent. of Germans were to be transferred to the Reich without a plebiscite, that the details should be settled "by some international body" (*un organisme international* is even vaguer) including a Czech representative and that "as a contribution to the pacification of Europe", a guarantee of the new frontier should be substituted for "the treaties actually in vigour" (i.e., those about to be repudiated). The extent of sacrifices demanded of the Czechs is recognized, but it is held to be a common interest of Europe and especially of Czechoslovakia. Incidentally, there is a very curious difference between the English and French texts: "*we should hope to arrange by negotiations provisions for adjustment of frontiers*" is a much better sounding version than "*nous avons tout lieu d'espérer d'obtenir* (from whom? from Hitler?) *un ajustement des frontières*", which can only mean that they were relying upon Germany's future consent, but had no certainty of it.

Small wonder if the Czech Government, in despair, sent a Note in reply, pointing out that these proposals, drafted without their being consulted, took no account of "what was possible". Their execution would be anti-democratic, impossible without reference to Parliament, and tantamount to mutilation: the country's economic life would be completely paralysed. It would destroy the whole balance of power in Central Europe, and in Europe as a whole. While cordially thanking the British Government for its offer of a guarantee, they pointed out that that Government had itself "underlined the fact that a solution should be found within the framework of the Czechoslovak constitution—a basis which not even the Sudeten German Party had rejected during its discussions with Prague". They



appealed to the German-Czechoslovak Arbitration Treaty of 16 October, 1926, which the Germans had on several occasions (and as recently as March, 1938) recognized as still in force. They concluded with "a supreme appeal" to the two Governments "to reconsider their attitude".

This Note (which the British Government has not even had the common fairness to include in the White Paper, presumably because what the Czechs say or do is irrelevant) was simply brushed aside. The Plan—itself based on a veiled ultimatum of Hitler to Chamberlain—had been presented in form of an ultimatum to Czechoslovakia, in defiance of all democratic practice, and with a time limit shorter than that accorded by Austria-Hungary in her ultimatum to Serbia in August, 1914. It is no exaggeration to describe this as the most formidable demand ever made by a British Government to a friendly nation; and the Prime Minister may be challenged to produce from the history of our foreign policy any document so humiliating and so contrary to the spirit of our country.

Even this, however, was not enough. At 1.20 a.m. on 21 September, the British and French Ministers in Prague received instructions to make an immediate *démarche* to President Benes, who was then dragged from his bed and presented with a second, and still more peremptory ultimatum. This was under the four following heads.

1. Britain and France have the duty to prevent an European war, if humanly possible, and thus an invasion of Czechoslovakia.

2. They wish the Czechoslovak Government to realize that if it does not *unconditionally and at once* accept the Anglo-French Plan, it will stand before the world as solely responsible for the war which will ensue.

3. By refusing, Czechoslovakia will also be guilty of destroying Anglo-French solidarity, since in that event\* Britain will under no circumstances march, even if France went to the aid of Czechoslovakia.

4. If the refusal should provoke war, France gives official notice that she will not fulfil her treaty obligations.

Both Ministers insisted on immediate compliance, without any possibility of reference to Parliament or public opinion in any

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\* i.e. presumably, in contradiction to her attitude in the event of Czech acceptance.

form whatsoever, and delivered their message in abrupt and wounding terms.

On 26 September I circulated to Members of Parliament a memorandum containing a *résumé* of these 3 documents (Anglo-French Plan, Czech Reply, and 2 a.m. *démarche*) ; of these, the first was published two days later in the White Paper, the second is not challenged, whereas of the third Sir Samuel Hoare on 3 October said it was "substantially, I might almost say totally, inaccurate", and Mr. Butler then published the actual text of the instructions to the British Minister in Prague and seems to have thought that he had thereby refuted me. I do not withdraw : for what I printed did not claim to be a verbatim report, much less instructions, but a summary of what the two diplomats said to President Benes and his Ministers. H.M.G. has now given us one document : we still require three more—the parallel instructions to the French Minister, the reports of himself and his British colleague upon the *démarche*, and the Czech report submitted to the Czech Cabinet. When we have all these, we shall know why General Faucher (the distinguished officer lent by France to the Czechoslovak General Staff), on learning the details of the joint *démarche*, asked to be relieved of his French citizenship.

The essence of the instructions to Mr. Newton was, (1) a refusal even to discuss the Czech Note, as "in no way meeting the critical situation" ; (2) a demand that it should be withdrawn and replaced by an alternative ; and (3) a warning "to consider urgently and seriously before producing a situation *for which we could take no responsibility*". The threat behind this smooth phrase is quite unmistakeable. The Czechs had known for many months that they were in the deadliest danger : what they had *not* known was that their ally, after giving a whole series of the most solemn assurances which it is possible for statesmen to give (notably on 14 May, 21 May and 12 July) now dishonoured them at the supreme crisis, and that that ally's closest friend was encouraging them to do so. The meaning of the crucial phrase was clear, and according to reliable Czech sources the Ministers spoke with an emphasis almost unprecedented in diplomatic history.

The Czech Government, "under the most severe pressure and



extreme duress on the part of two false friends, was bounced into thus accepting drastic partition of their country without having been allowed to discuss it. With this in his pocket Mr. Chamberlain flew to Godesberg on 23 September, only to find Herr Hitler utterly uncompromising. The memorandum submitted by him to the Premier demanded (1) total evacuation by 1 October, of all territory marked on a map appended by the Germans ; (2) immediate discharge of all Germans serving in the Czechoslovak Army and unilateral release of German political prisoners. (3) A plebiscite, before 25 November, under international control, in other areas "to be more definitely defined" later, and (4) the handing over undamaged, of all material, military or other, all livestock and goods, inside the evacuated districts. Even Mr. Chamberlain felt this to be "an ultimatum rather than a memorandum", and "bitterly reproached Herr Hitler for his failure to respond in any way" to British efforts for peace. None the less he consented to take back the memorandum and forward it to Prague.

Not unnaturally the Czech Government expressed "amazement" at terms which went far beyond the Anglo-French Plan, and which would automatically put an end to their "national and economic independence"; and they informed London of their "unconditional" rejection. Mr. Chamberlain, however, persisted in the pathetic belief that Herr Hitler, like himself, was working for "an orderly settlement rather than a settlement by the use of force": and these words occur in the letter which he sent to Herr Hitler by the hand of Sir Horace Wilson on 26 September. Finally, he sent a "last last" appeal to Herr Hitler, offering to go himself to Berlin and discuss arrangements for transfer "with you and representatives of Czechoslovakia and of France and Italy if you desire"; and he also invited Signor Mussolini to use his restraining influence over Berlin.

The two dictators were quick to see their chance. The proposed Conference was fixed at Munich, and when the Duce decided to attend in person, Czechoslovakia's cause went automatically by default and no more was heard of her participation (indeed the two delegates whom she sent were escorted to a hotel by Gestapo men, never summoned for

consultation and not even allowed to submit maps or statistics). The Duce had recently been making speeches against Benes and "the rotten eggs of Prague", only less violent than the almost unbelievable diatribes of the Führer in his Berlin speech of 26 September: and he now threw his whole weight onto the German side. Mr. Chamberlain showed the same indifference to Czech interests or rights which he had shown throughout, and so the weak M. Daladier, already ripe for a betrayal of his ally, found himself in a minority of one. The Munich Agreement was a hurried and amateur revision of the Anglo-French Plan, to the disadvantage of the Czechs; and the terms of the Big Four, like the earlier Anglo-French terms, were transmitted to Prague as a *third ultimatum* for instant and unconditional acceptance, and their reasoned objections were not even considered.

The Munich Agreement was concluded by Mr. Chamberlain also "under duress", after his "last last" appeal had obtained one solitary concession from Herr Hitler, namely postponement of invasion for 24 hours. Even this was not due to the offer to pay a third visit to Germany, but to three decisive events which had occurred in the interval. These were first, the intervention of President Roosevelt by two direct appeals to Herr Hitler; second, the announcement by the Foreign Office that France, Britain and Russia would stand by their obligations to Czechoslovakia in the event of a German attack, and third, the mobilization of the British Fleet. There is good reason to believe that Herr Hitler also received German military advice as to the extreme risks which he was running, but that, as in the case of the Rhineland and of Austria, he replied that he knew what he was doing and that he would get what he wanted without war. Once again his calculations were justified; and the question whether he was bluffing to the last and would have accepted more reasonable terms if the democratic Powers had shown a firm and united front, must remain a matter of conjecture.

The Prime Minister returned home naïvely convinced that he had secured "peace in our time", and that Herr Hitler's word could henceforth be relied upon. In the House of Commons he catalogued all the improvements secured under the Munich Agreement, as compared with the Godesberg "ultimatum"



(this is his own word). Evacuation was to be in five stages between 1 and 10 October. The line of occupation was to be fixed by an International Commission, on which Czechoslovakia was to be represented. So were the areas of future plebiscites, which were to be occupied "at once by an international force". So were the details regarding the removal of cattle or raw material. An article was added giving the right of option to minorities, and again the Commission was to fix the details. Much stress was laid on the fact that what remained of the mutilated State would be guaranteed not only by the two defaulting States, but by Germany and Italy also, when once the Polish and Hungarian minority questions had been settled. For the first time during the whole crisis the Prime Minister condescended to praise Czechoslovakia for her "restraint, dignity and magnificent discipline", but he pointedly omitted any word of praise for President Benes, just as he had always refrained from defending him against the coarse insults levelled against him by another Chief of State.

An uneasy House accepted his defence of Munich, but within ten days even its greatest eulogists realized that its provisions were being torn to shreds by the triumphant Germans; that the Council of Ambassadors in Berlin, to which decisions were referred, was in no true sense an International Commission, but merely a machine for registering German demands; that the boundaries fixed for the Fifth Zone were far worse than the Godesberg line and cut the main railway between Prague and Brno; that the grotesquely short time allowed for evacuation (in disregard of Czech appeals) meant the surrender of the Maginot line with all its secrets intact; that the Germans were able to dispense with plebiscites and an "international force" and dictate to the Czechs what terms they chose; and that "option" was an odious farce in face of the terror openly proclaimed by Herr Henlein, now acting as Commissioner for the Reich—in face too of the Reich's demand for the immediate return of the many thousands of German democratic refugees in Czech territory.

Despite the stress laid on it by the Home Secretary and other Ministers, the proposed guarantee is already discredited, as a mere momentary salve for a stricken conscience. For if we

could not help Czechoslovakia when she possessed a splendidly equipped and disciplined army, almost impregnable defences and firm alliances, how can we hope to help her now that she is almost utterly defenceless and robbed of many of her economic resources? On 4 October the Minister for Defence told the House that the Government felt "under a moral obligation to treat the guarantee as being now in force", and yet they raised no protest against German occupation of places outside the Munich line (*e.g.*, near Krumau and opposite Bratislava): and the very next day the Prime Minister made it quite clear that the guarantee was not yet in force, but not at all clear when it would become so.

Above all, now that the mischief is irreparable, and the pass has been sold, it is becoming clear enough that the grievances of the Sudeten Germans (and grievances they had, though they were far and away the best treated and freest racial minority in all Europe), were an entirely secondary motive on the part of the Reich, and that what Herr Hitler aimed at was the strategic and economic control of the great key position in Central Europe. Bohemia has more than once been conquered, but this is the first time that she has been partitioned; for over 1,000 years she has kept these "natural frontiers", and for 700 years Czech and German have lived and disputed inside them. On 27 September Herr Hitler told Mr. Chamberlain (No. 10 of the White Paper), that "it is a well-known fact that Czechoslovakia, after the cession of the Sudeten German territory, would constitute a healthier and more unified economic organism than before"; and the Prime Minister and his Industrial Adviser appear to have believed this. To-day it is already clear that Czechoslovakia in her curtailed form is no longer *viable*. She has lost 80% of her pit-coal and almost all her brown coal, her main chemical industries, much of her porcelain and glass industries; her steel industry is at the mercy of those who now control the coal, part of the electric supply of Prague and other cities is lost, and the whole railway system is dislocated. She has no choice but to come to terms with Berlin, and it is by no means certain whether she can even save her currency.

Not merely does Germany acquire control of one of the most highly developed industrial countries east of the Rhine, with rich



forests and cornlands, but she can thereby open the gates that lead to the granaries of Hungary and the oilfields of Roumania. It is only a matter of time for Skoda munitions and Vitkovice steel to be at the disposal of German rearmament. Speaking in a military sense, we have released 30 to 40 divisions for use in the West, thrown away one of the main air defences of our country (for such, potentially, the Czech air force undoubtedly was) and enormously increased the difficulty of ever catching up German superiority of armament. At the same time we have rebuffed Russia, whose interests in foreign (as opposed to domestic) policy are identical with our own, and co-operation with whom is the last and only hope of redressing the balance which Germany is weighing down against us. And this is done by the men mainly responsible for the breakdown of the League and the reversion to Power Politics. On a Genevan basis a case could be made out for avoiding entangling alliances with either of the two ideologies: where the jungle law rules, as it does to-day, one seeks help where one can find it. The Chamberlain method is to combine all the disadvantages of both methods, to avoid all contact with Russia, the only Power in Europe whose Foreign Minister has for five years pursued a straight, logical and European policy, but to surrender one position after another to dictators who openly proclaim their contempt for any law save force.

There is a further issue to which it is only possible to allude briefly at the close of such an article, but which is exercising many minds. No previous Prime Minister has assumed direction of foreign policy so completely as Mr. Chamberlain. There is no analogy to Palmerston, who had spent fifteen years at the Foreign Office before he became Premier, or to Salisbury, who already had great foreign experience when he decided to combine the two offices. Mr. Chamberlain's great services to the State have admittedly lain in quite other fields.

Mr. Chamberlain is not merely his own Foreign Secretary. He got rid of one of the ablest and most courageous holders of that office last March, and in choosing a successor broke with the growing tradition that he should be in the Commons, not in the Lords. On his three momentous flights to Germany, undertaken during a parliamentary recess, and after a firm

refusal to summon Parliament, the Prime Minister dispensed with the services of the Foreign Secretary, of Sir Robert Vansittart and all the under-secretaries of the Foreign Office, and took with him only Sir Horace Wilson—a distinguished civil servant, known as an expert in industrial disputes, but without Continental experience—and an able but entirely subordinate official : and it is therefore not surprising that their decisions, in so far as they were not dictated to them by Germany should have been amateur in character and often contrary to economic sense.

Meanwhile an Inner Cabinet of four has been evolved for decisions on policy, and behind Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax we see the figures of two ex-Foreign Secretaries who are now recognized as very largely responsible for the failure of the League, in the crucial questions of Manchuria, of Disarmament and of Abyssinia. This method of conducting foreign policy runs counter to our whole past tradition, and the men who are its instruments have lost the confidence of the nation. It is high time that the constitutional issue was raised fairly and squarely, unless Parliament is to abdicate its control.

The true gravity of the present situation lies in the fact that Mr. Chamberlain has taken advantage of the vertiginous course of events, to present Parliament and public opinion with *faits accomplis* amounting to a total reversal of the foreign policy on which the National Government won its majority, and that despite soothing appeals for unity in a certain press, suspicion, not of Mr. Chamberlain's well intentioned desire for peace, but of his aims and competence, has eaten deep into large sections of the electorate of every party, and especially of the rising generation.



## SECOND THOUGHTS IN FRANCE

By D. R. GILLIE

M. GEORGES BONNET, foreign minister of France, was enthusiastically welcomed to Périgueux by his constituents on the evening of October 8, 1938, with cries of "Vive la Paix" and "Merci, Bonnet"! with Bengal lights and bouquets. M. Bonnet paid tribute to his chief, M. Daladier, who had worked with all his might to bring France "peace with honour" and he associated "the admirable Czechoslovakian people in the homage due to all those who have served peace well". Duty had been clear, said the minister, peace had been saved and must now be placed on a steady foundation by the firmness, discipline and civic spirit of Périgueux and all France. The government had great hopes that if the unity realized amongst Frenchmen in the hour of danger was maintained a wider and more complete understanding might follow on the Munich agreement. He begged his electors to continue like the government to have but one thought—France. There was a criticism, M. Bonnet declared, which he did not accept—namely that France had broken her word; it was not true. The government had said "If Germany uses force against Czechoslovakia, France will fulfil her engagements" but it had also declared that it would use every means to avoid the recourse to force and obtain a pacific solution of the problem of the Sudeten Germans. M. Bonnet concluded with an historical review of the question at issue and found a refuge, which like a fox's earth had alternative exits, by pointing both to Article 19 of the League of Nations Covenant and to the League's present incapacity to apply it. M. Bonnet then took up some of the bouquets which had been presented to him and laid them on the war memorial.

Sooner or later Périgueux will begin to feel the disquieting doubts which have already spoilt for Paris the first fine rapture of

the peace. Even on the enchanted banks of the Dordogne, amongst the vineyards and the Châteaux and M. Bonnet's election agents there will be some echo of the passionate assertion by Czechs and Slovaks, by Yugoslav, Polish and Rumanian democrats that France did break her word. A man's own estimate of his credit is not usually considered of great importance either in the business world or by historians. Historians may well dispute whether or not the French Government's abandonment of Czechoslovakia was necessary in the circumstances of September, 1938. They are at least likely to agree that the Czech foreign minister's comment, when the Anglo-French proposals were brought to him by the French and British ministers: "This is one of the great betrayals of history" is of more importance than M. Bonnet's rather glib apologia. M. Bonnet himself must know that France has now no ally on the continent of Europe, because no small State will now trust French promises of assistance. It is this very ugly fact which characterises the present moment and makes it a turning point in French history.

A Germany with eighty million inhabitants dominating all central Europe, allied to Italy and with a potential ally in Spain, will in case of war be able to throw almost her entire military strength against the French frontier with very little anxiety about her rear. France has observed her one ally Great Britain enter into separate negotiations with Germany and, uneasily if only as yet partially aware of her fallen status, fears that even this ally may be lost. This is the situation for which the inhabitants of Périgueux, only conscious of the fact that war had been avoided, so enthusiastically thanked M. Bonnet.

France, the victor of the last war has no longer the strength to attempt the defence of the peace settlement beyond her own frontiers. France, the mother of nations, the sower of ideas, who shook Europe by her revolutions, which sheltered the fugitive Polish patriots, nursed Italian unity into being, presided over the creation of Rumania, and fostered the national conceptions of Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia—that France has disappeared, along with the France which could stretch her sword arm right across the Continent.

France's decline to her present condition has been



extraordinarily rapid. Fifteen years ago, it may be recalled, English public opinion was alarmed at what were believed to be the revived Napoleonic ambitions of France and more especially at what was supposed to be the menacing disposition of the French air force towards Britain. This interpretation of the French policy of that period is now universally recognized as mistaken. The underlying motive of French post-war foreign policy has been security—than which nothing could be less Napoleonic. The effort to guarantee French security by holding down Germany in a condition of limited sovereignty and by a defensive coalition under French leadership of the smaller central and east European states which had reason to fear a revival of German power, was gradually relaxed after the evacuation of the Ruhr. The average Frenchman has rarely appreciated the rôle of France's Eastern alliances; he often supposed that the States in question were receiving one-sided favours, probably financial subsidies from France. This was not the case and he caused a great deal of offence in countries like Poland by talking and acting on that assumption. The well-balanced economic situation of France, with her large agricultural population, made it difficult to reinforce the French politico-military alliances by close economic relations with East European States which were themselves predominantly agricultural. There was, in fact, throughout the post-war years a marked discrepancy between the tendencies of French democracy, based more and more on the "little man" with his narrow horizon and any far-reaching foreign policy, even though it was intended to satisfy the "little man's" desire for a quiet life.

This discrepancy is best illustrated by the decision, taken at the end of the twenties, to build at enormous cost the Maginot line, while the striking power of the French army was neglected. France's eastern alliances were maintained, but her military policy was based almost entirely on defensive strategy; her air force was neglected and allowed to lose the overwhelming leadership which alarmed the English public at the time of the Ruhr occupation; even her land army was only recently equipped with a mobile motorized striking force, such as the obligation to assist her continental allies presupposed. The construction

of the Maginot line has been attributed by M. Jean Prevost to "the old instinct of the cuirasse which involved us during the middle ages in the disasters of Courtrai, Crecy and Poitiers".

This disinclination on the part of the French general public to face France's responsibilities as a great power has been altogether disastrous. France entered the great economic depression later than any other European nation and has not yet emerged from it. It is customary for the French middle classes to attribute this to the Front Populaire, the long series of industrial disputes and the extraordinarily shortsighted behaviour of French labour during the last two and a half years. However justified criticism of the Front Populaire may be, it does not alter the fact that when the lean years began in 1932, and a left majority came into power the surpluses of the late twenties had all been dissipated by governments of the right and centre, that the bourgeoisie failed to make effective use of the respite granted them from February, 1934 till May, 1936, that the French capitalists have failed to put their capital at the disposal of their country or provide it with an up-to-date credit system. In foreign affairs M. Barthou's attempt to recreate a great coalition to hold Germany in check was cut short by his death before he had solved the most difficult problems of his own policy and M. Laval broke the spring of the League of Nations in his unsuccessful attempt to secure Italy's friendship.

The advent of the Front Populaire government raised the hope that French politics would at last be placed upon a broader and nobler plane. For some months many Frenchmen believed that the republic had renewed her jacobin youth and that a new found national unity based on social reforms would give her the power to lead the anti-Fascist resistance to dictatorship. Unfortunately the elements of the Front Populaire have proved self-destructive. The extreme wing of the trade unions totally failed to understand that it was to their interest to facilitate the government's task. Important trade unions treated the first socialist minister of labour with studied and public disrespect. Four Front Populaire governments in succession died of exhaustion owing to the difficulties put in their way by organized labour.

Much was said of the new found patriotism not to say



nationalism of the communists, but in practice this has consisted more in calling their internal political opponents traitors to France than in teaching their followers to subordinate immediate class interests to national interests. In so far as the working class has abandoned its former pacifism for a more militant attitude in international affairs it has generally been on an issue in which the international conflict can easily be identified with an internal political issue dear to the working class heart.

Immediately after the chamber's last foreign affairs debate in February, 1938 (the perfunctory session of October 4th can scarcely be counted) and shortly after Dr. Schuschnigg's visit to Berchtesgaden, the communists, the socialists and the Confédération Générale de Travail did not hesitate to hold up all other government business and monopolise the Prime Minister's attention for a week by attempting to force into a government bill an amendment which would have made compulsory an automatic sliding scale for all wages covered by collective contracts. M. Chautemps extricated himself with an unsatisfactory compromise after he had played a most undignified rôle as the mediator between the Senate and what was supposed to be his own majority in the Chamber. As a condition of remaining in office he asked for and was refused, a promise that in future the lead in legislation should be left to the head of the government. It was due to these circumstances that there was no government in France when Herr Hitler occupied Austria.

The present government, it is worth recalling in this connection, came into office (committed to rely on the Front Populaire majority but including a number of ministers drawn from party groups to the right of the Front Populaire) because the life of the last genuine Front Populaire government (the second Blum cabinet) had been made impossible by metallurgical strikes which held up the production of aeroplanes long overdue for national defence.

It is a sad comment on the condition to which France has fallen that the Daladier cabinet's success in putting an end to the strikes last April should have sufficed to give it enormous prestige for some weeks, and that after six months of humdrum patchwork he should become the most popular man in the

country by bringing back a peace which was secured by granting France's opponent practically all that he asked.

The significance of the Czechoslovakian question was never made clear to the French nation by the government; this was indeed natural since the government continued to waver to the last moment in the hope that "something would turn up" which would make a decision unnecessary. It is not likely now that the government will explain what has been lost.

It is all the more remarkable therefore that at the end of August the morale of the nation should have been so excellent, and that after the majority of the press—certainly under government influence—had prepared the way for surrender there should not have been the slightest difficulty in carrying out partial mobilization. Whatever may be wrong with other aspects of French public life the citizen showed himself unhesitatingly ready to do his duty as a soldier, and the military machine proved that it was in excellent working order. This recent and very encouraging experience is in the back of many Frenchmen's minds when they try to face the problems now before them.

The first reaction of the general public on learning that there was to be peace instead of war, was to relax, to hope for an easier time, to try to forget politics. Every Frenchman with any sense of political realities knows that on the contrary the effort for re-armament, and the financial effort must be redoubled. He may not realize how serious was the defeat inflicted on France but he knows that France was nearly involved in war while her air arm was very inferior to that of Germany, and there has been no contradiction of the report that the number of aeroplanes produced per month this summer was little more than fifty. There would be very general agreement throughout France that the one programme for any government is to provide the country as quickly as possible with 5,000 aeroplanes so that she will be on something like an equal footing to negotiate with Germany.

But such an effort requires a government with the necessary authority to impose increased financial burdens, to bring about the return of capital, and to obtain from Labour an extra effort without extra pay. France is at present staggering under an



unsolved financial problem which has brought the franc in two years from 74 to 179 to the pound and has raised the public debt from 273 milliards in 1931 to over 400 milliards in 1938. (This corresponds to a reduction of the gold value of the debt from 17,800 metric tons to about 11,000 metric tons owing to the deterioration of the franc). Last year the treasury had to find 37 milliard francs over and above tax revenue, and this year the sum will be between 40 and 50 milliards. Unsolved this financial problem can only lead to further deterioration of the currency, further price increases, further labour discontent.

In practice Parliament has lost control both of financial and of foreign policy. On October 5 Parliament granted the government special powers of legislation by decree during six weeks to restore the financial and economic situation. This is the fifth time that such powers have been granted to a government for this purpose since 1934 and the second occasion upon which the present government has received such powers. There has not yet been any sign of an improvement in the financial situation.

The political situation which must be faced is unusually obscure. There is no hope of rebuilding the Front Populaire majority ranging from radical to communist, nor in view of its shortcomings is there any reason to wish to. But this does not mean that the working class masses under socialist and communist leadership can be ignored as a political factor. The working class is discouraged and disillusioned ; trade union membership tends to fall. It has shown that it can answer appeals for longer hours in the service of the State, though much less willing to do so if in private employment. But it is very suspicious and has some good reasons to be.

On the extreme right the usual phenomenon after a spell of unsuccessful socialist government is already noticeable. Many French bourgeois, frightened by the anarchic tendencies of French labour in 1936, determined that such a threat to their authority and property shall not recur again, fearful of the social revolution which might follow even a victorious war, are looking for the possibility of a counter-attack. Their outlook is very strongly tinged with anti-semitism which is raising its ugly head in many parts of France, in Alsace where infection from Germany is easy, in Paris and in such unexpected provincial towns as Tours.

(The extent and strength of the movement is such that it would be very desirable to move on elsewhere some of the refugees from Germany if it were possible). It is this section of French opinion which looks with strong dislike on the alignment of France with the Soviet Union in any international dispute. This attitude is not only due to distrust of the military efficiency of a State in which generals are shot or disgraced with such monotonous regularity, but to a dislike of siding with a "subversive force" against a "force of order".

The French working class is split deeply in its judgment of the Munich agreement taken in isolation, since a very large section of it is resolutely pacifist. But if the Munich agreement can be represented as part of an international conspiracy against their class, as could very convincingly be argued if it was followed by a Mediterranean agreement at the expense of the Spanish republican government, then their suspicions about the government and the bourgeoisie would be seriously intensified. The communist party is already strumming this melody very vigorously. M. Thorez who provided the patriotic colour in the very successful communist election campaign of 1936 and who has been kept rather in the background for a year or so has been brought to the fore again. He passionately denounced to a Paris audience of 25,000 (the night before M. Bonnet's reception at Périgueux) the betrayal of French interests through the abandonment of Czechoslovakia and the approaching betrayal of the Spanish republic, as part of a general reactionary conspiracy which would not spare the French workman. He asked if the French government supposed that the workman would fight to defend France's tropical colonies after his European comrades had been betrayed.

The vigour of his attack and the prospect of a close election alliance between socialists and communists if the government swings over to the right has done something to discourage the advocates, who were very numerous when M. Daladier returned from Munich, of immediate dissolution and new elections. It is probable that elections if held this winter would be very bitter.

Since the Munich agreement and M. Bonnet's foreign policy have thrown such a bone of contention between the communists and the radicals that the revival of the Front Populaire is



impossible, it goes without saying that M. Blum's favourite scheme of last Spring for an all-party government of national emergency is out of the question. A new party combination of radicals with centre and right is unlikely to enjoy much authority, so speculation now tends towards a small cabinet of men not too closely bound by party, decorated with some such title as "Government of Public Safety", and equipped with special powers. M. Henry Pichot, the President of the Federal Union of Ex-servicemen, an organization with about 900,000 members, mostly belonging to moderate left parties, startled his usual political associates by proposing that such a government should be granted plenary powers till the present legislature comes to an end in June, 1940. Such a proposal is principally interesting because it shows that men whose minds have usually worked on orthodox republican lines are prepared to think in terms which quite recently would still have scandalized them. The difficulty of all such proposals is the lack of an outstanding figure to place at the head of the government. At present it is generally suggested that M. Daladier should continue to lead the government, since the popularity which he won by bringing back peace from Munich cannot be disregarded. With all respect for the sincerity with which M. Daladier has always served his country, it may be doubted whether he will prove to have the qualities of the great national leader which France now requires. He has in particular one drawback; having signed the Munich agreement himself, he cannot very well tell the nation flatly that France has suffered one of the gravest defeats of her history and that all classes share the responsibility. Such an admission, rather than M. Bonnet's attitude of self-satisfaction, would make it possible to surmount class jealousies and call all the national energies into play. Even more unorthodox than M. Pichot's proposal is the suggestion made in some quite unexpected quarters that a soldier should form a government. It is very doubtful if it would be a service to the French army which has so austere stuck to its own business for a generation, to draw its leaders back into politics; but it may be a good thing if French politicians think there is a danger of this occurring.

# NATIONAL SERVICE AND A NATIONAL REGISTER

BY W. T. WELLS

WITH the passing of the September crisis and of the immediate reaction of relief which succeeded it, public opinion, in so far as it has a genuine existence in these days of standardized emotions and mass propaganda, has settled down to preparing itself for the next emergency. Despite all the declarations of intentions which, so far as this country is concerned, are pacific, despite Anglo-German negotiations and Anglo-Italian negotiations, ancestral voices, and not only voices which are ancestral, continue to prophesy war. It is imperative that we be prepared for it, and while mechanical preparation, the manufacture of more aircraft and more anti-aircraft guns, is essential, the aspect of the matter which is now most engaging public attention is the organization of the human resources of this country.

Anxiety on this question showed itself almost on the very day when the Prime Minister returned from Munich. On the following Monday National Service was the topic of the leading article in *The Times*; and this article stated that "Had war broken out last Saturday, then one of the first steps Parliament would have had to take would certainly have been to call on every subject, according to his capacity, to place his services at the disposal of his country". The leader-writer made no pretence of knowing what form compulsory service would take. He advocated, alike in peace and war, a combination of the compulsory and the voluntary principles:—"To undertake some service should be compulsory; within such a scheme the tradition, rightly cherished, of the volunteer system"; every man should choose his own form of service. The call was rapidly taken up. Sir Clive Morrison-Bell, writing in the same issue advocated "a National Registration Bill, in which a conscription clause, only to be operated in a state of emergency,



might well be included". Stripped of what were doubtless regarded as the tiresome subtleties of the leader-writer and Sir Clive, the cry of conscription echoed, if not throughout the land, at least throughout the clubs. To vary the words of the song :—

“ Any evening, any day,  
Any time you're Pall Mall way ”—

elderly members of the upper classes were, and are to be heard clamouring for the conscription of everybody else.

The hopes of the advocate of conscription in peace were dashed by the answer given in the House of Commons by Mr. Chamberlain to Mr. McGovern :

“ I have previously stated that conscription or compulsory national service will not be introduced by this Government in peace-time, and that statement still holds good.”

*Mr. Amery*: “ In that case would it not be possible to have a change of Government to make it possible to introduce this necessary measure ? ”

Mr. Amery rightly took the Prime Minister's answer as final so far as it went. The major question remains, how is the strength of the nation to be organized ? Is the Government's decision a correct one ? If conscription is a necessity in war is it not better to adopt it while we are still at peace ?

All these questions are being asked, and before attempting to answer them it is necessary to enquire both what use it is intended to make, and what use ought to be made, of the nation's man-power in the event of a major war. The common assumption still seems to be that in such an event the normal rôle of the healthy young man will be to join the Army and to be shipped to some Continental theatre of war. No doubt the basis of the popular assumption is nothing more profound than the knowledge that that is what happened, under widely different circumstances, in the last War.

The evidence that the Government does not intend to send overseas a horde army on the 1916 model is so strong as to be almost overwhelming. Little room for doubt was left to serious students of affairs by Mr. Hore-Belisha's speech in introducing the Army Estimates : the despatch of an expeditionary force for the assistance of our allies was relegated to the last place in his classification of the purposes which the Army exists to serve. The reorganization of the Territorial Army, announced

by Mr. Hore-Belisha in his speech at the City Lieutenants' dinner at the Mansion House, evidently presupposes that that Army is to be regarded as an army of quality complete in itself, not merely the first line of an army of quantity. And a passage in Mr. Duff-Cooper's speech in the House of Commons on the occasion of his resignation from the Cabinet makes the Prime Minister's attitude fairly clear:—"I have always been in favour—although I am afraid I differed from the Prime Minister when I was at the War Office and he was at the Treasury two years ago or more on this point—of maintaining an Army that could take a serious part in Continental war". This seems to be a sententious way of saying that the Prime Minister does not believe in large-scale intervention on land in a Continental war. No sort of statement has been made to prevent this implication being drawn.

The case for military conscription must clearly stand or fall on the question whether or not this country will send a large expeditionary force to the Continent. Old gentlemen in Pall Mall, themselves knowing nothing of the discipline which poverty and drudgery impose on the great majority of young men, may sometimes suggest that a year under the drill-sergeant will have admirable moral and physical effects on the undisciplined youth of to-day. No responsible politician could possibly advocate military conscription, with the vast expense and appalling economic dislocation which it would cause, unless for some serious and definite military object. According to the present Government's policy, no such object exists.

Mr. Duff-Cooper and Mr. Amery, among others, think that the Government's policy is mistaken. The former holds that in view of our guarantee to Czechoslovakia it is "absolutely imperative that we should maintain an Army on something like a Continental basis". If he is right, there can be but little doubt that conscription would be necessary to man it.

What purpose would an Army on a Continental basis serve? It is necessary to remember that the primary purpose of the great Continental armies is either to protect a long land frontier or else to break through the frontier defences of a neighbour. We have neither a land frontier of our own, whose absence incidentally makes conscription a great moral and psychological



strain, nor the intention of attacking the frontiers of any other Power. The only conceivable theatre in which, for a variety of reasons, political and geographical, a large British force could operate is on the western frontier of Germany. That is where a British Army on a Continental basis would have to protect the independence and integrity of Czechoslovakia. If this is so, what sort of operations do our advocates of a great conscript army envisage? Do they anticipate a combined Franco-British offensive against the increasingly strong German defences, or do they think that our assistance will be needed to reinforce the French defenders of the Maginot Line, which the French authorities, who intend to go on strengthening it, assert to be already impregnable?

If the assumption of the advocates of military conscription is that a vast British Army will defend the territorial integrity of France, or keep the German Army at bay while the Fleet and the Air Force do their work, then apart from all other considerations, its assistance simply is not necessary. Even in the last War, when the scales were rather less heavily weighted in favour of the defence than now, a numerical superiority of three to one was reckoned necessary to ensure success to the offensive when the combatants were equal in quality, equipment and ammunition. Such a margin of superiority over the French, the Germans, even with the help of the thirty divisions said to be released by the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia, have not got. On the other hand if it is a Franco-British offensive which is contemplated, then no help which we can give will afford the Franco-British forces a wide enough margin of superiority over Germany. In the one case a great British Army is superfluous, in the other it is inadequate.

This, it will be said, is an over-simplification, at least so far as our rôle in a defensive campaign is concerned, for it leaves out of account the possibility that the Italian Army might co-operate with the German. There are several answers to this objection. The combination of the Italian and German armies, if they could both concentrate their activities exclusively on France, would scarcely give them the required measure of superiority, and a relatively few British divisions would turn the scale. It is extremely unlikely that Italy would or could devote all her

energies to one end, for British power in the Mediterranean, if properly employed, should be able to create a number of diversions. Nor is it at all certain how the Berlin-Rome axis would stand the strain of war.

By adopting this line of argument we are meeting the advocates of military conscription on their own ground. But it is extremely doubtful whether, in doing so, we are not dealing in unreality. The better military opinion seems to be that mere numbers are to a large extent irrelevant, that fire-power is all important in defence, and that mobility and surprise alone give the attack a chance of success. As the power-loom threw hand-weavers out of employment, so has the machine-gun displaced the horde of riflemen; and the argument in terms of three to one, if it ever had any validity, has now lost it. And not only is the horde army to a great extent robbed of its utility, but also the difficulties of supply, in face of the menace of aircraft and of long-range artillery, have made it essential for the number of mouths to be fed in the line to be reduced.

Further, the increased material demands made by modern war means that the ratio of combatants to non-combatants must be considerably reduced in comparison with that prevailing in 1914-1918. Herr Possony, in a book recently translated into English,\* distinguishes between two types of war: Type 1, which consists of a combination of the defensive on land with the offensive in the air; and type 2, a combination of the offensive on land with less active operations in the air. It is significant that Herr Possony regards the combination of an offensive on land with a whole-hearted offensive in the air as beyond the resources of any of the Great Powers. He estimates that "the ratio of the front line soldiers to workmen at home changes in Type 1 to 1-13 and in Type II. to 1-17 to 20". "The front line soldiers": the estimate does not take into account either troops required on the lines of communication or troops required for anti-aircraft defence. If this estimate is approximately correct—and though the present writer is not qualified to express a definite opinion on the point, the evidence seems to be that it is at least not greatly mistaken—then it follows that this country could not maintain an army of 1,000,000 men for Type I. warfare,

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\**To-Morrow's War*. By Stephen Th. Possony. (Hodge, 8/6.)



and that it could not easily maintain more than half that number for operations on the lines of Type II.

Thus unless we are to be content with a second-rate Air Force, compulsory military service for purposes of despatch overseas can be ruled out on the grounds both of possibility and desirability. Nobody has proposed a conscript Air Force; nor would the maintenance of an army on a Continental basis really assist our Continental allies. The maintenance of a high volume of industrial production for the supply not only of our forces but also of theirs would, though they may not think so, be a far more effectual service to them. The two main problems which would impinge on the life of the ordinary citizen in war are the defence of the homeland from enemy aircraft and, in part dependent upon this, the maintenance of the industrial machine and of the mechanism of distribution and supply in a state of high efficiency.

In so far as these problems are problems of personnel, and if the compulsory principle is to be prepared to the voluntary principle, the choice seems to be between conscription for home defence, as suggested by Sir Auckland Geddes,\* industrial conscription, or a scheme, such as the interesting plan proposed by *The Times*, to which reference is made above, making provision for the recruitment both of the defence services, in the broadest meaning of the term, and of the essential industries.

It may be remembered that the occasion of the Prime Minister's first giving a pledge against the introduction of conscription in peace-time was a statement made in the House of Commons by the Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence, Sir Thomas Inskip. In this statement, while implying the likelihood of some form of military conscription—hence the Prime Minister's pledge—he had, in effect, denied the existence even of preparations for industrial conscription.

At first sight the idea of industrial conscription, in a State whose war-time existence depends upon a large supply of industrial workers, seems to offer many advantages. Work can be compelled by law, and there can be avoided, by the preparation of proper scales of wages, cause of complaint by members of the armed forces of Governmental favouritism to industrial

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\*In a letter to the Editor of *The Times*, published the 13th of October, 1938.

workers. But second thoughts raise doubts both as to the practicability of industrial conscription and as to the necessity for it. Preparation of it in peace would certainly prejudice its efficiency in war by arousing the antagonism of the trade unions, whose co-operation would be still more essential in war than it is peace; for while on the one hand the unions are willing to make reasonable concessions in the interests of defence, on the other it is not easy to make a skilled worker do his best at the point of a physical or metaphorical bayonet. While it is easy to cry out against the unions' lack of patriotism in resisting dilution and other restrictions on their normal practices, it is in fact more remarkable how willing the unions have been in the national interest to make adjustments of the standards which they have fought so hard to attain. There is no reason to anticipate any shortage either of unskilled workers or of workers whom a little experience will make semi-skilled, and if profits are limited so, within reason, can wages be also. As for skilled workers, their good will in a crisis will be the country's greatest asset, and their minds should not be disturbed by loose talk of a measure whose necessity has not been proved.

Conscription for home defence is a measure to which, on principle, there can be much less objection than to conscription for service overseas. Discarding altogether the precedent of 1916, it is not, in a sense, an innovation. The compulsory principle, modified though it was by the chances of the ballot and by the opportunities of the well-to-do to purchase exemption, was inherent in the ancient militia system of the country. The analogy can be carried further, from military duties to civilian duties. There was, and is, the duty of jury service, and there was the duty of bearing watch and ward—though the examples of Dogberry and Verges may give little encouragement to those who pin their faith in A.R.P. It is incontrovertible that when danger threatens every man should bear his part, and it is only when we begin to enquire how authority should select the part which the each man should play that we come into contact with difficulties. It is common ground that in the last War grievous mistakes were made in this respect, and the avoidance of a repetition of these is one of the chief objects before those who are now demanding the preparation of a National Register.



But probably in war, and certainly in peace, such a register cannot contain all the particulars material to each case. There are a number of young professional and business men, *for example*, who depend, for the support of themselves and their families, on supplementing their daily earnings by teaching in evening classes. How is it possible, or at least just, to make the same calls on such men as on others whose work is finished when they close the office door behind them ?

Nor is it possible to consider conscription even for home defence without more specific reference to the purposes for which men are to be conscripted. Mr. Hore-Belisha has said that the number of men in the anti-aircraft units must be doubled. In war it may be necessary to double that number again, or even treble it. It is impossible, too, accurately to assess the numbers of men which will be required for balloon barrages. But in relation to the available man-power of the country the total numbers needed for these two purposes will not be large. For them alone it is inconceivable, in view of the rush to the colours which accompanies a crisis, that conscription will be necessary. It would be like buying a gallon of beer to fill a half-pint tankard.

If industrial conscription be rejected, and compulsory military service be unnecessary, what remains ? The filling of a number of administrative posts ; and, of course, Air Raid Precautions. The importance of both of these does not require emphasis. But although the numbers of persons engaged in the various forms of A.R.P. are still inadequate, it has to be remembered that at the beginning of the year they were almost non-existent ; there is no evidence that, given the right sort of official approach, the gaps, however wide, cannot be filled by the voluntary system. The idea of enacting conscription to enrol air raid wardens is indeed almost humorous. It is rather like passing an Act of Parliament to compel men to wear overcoats whenever there is an east wind in January. Equally, it is inconceivable that it should be difficult to fill the administrative posts. The economic dislocation which war would cause would undoubtedly lead many people to seek such posts quite apart from any patriotic motives.

For any single purpose which it is possible to name there can be no necessity for conscription. The case for it must turn

on the urgency of allocating to each man the task which he is best qualified to fulfil. A number of men's war-time tasks are almost exactly the same as their peace-time tasks, and if our industrial efficiency is to be the keystone of our national strength it is fantastic to contemplate a man having to apply to a tribunal for exemption from duty as a fireman in order to allow him to work in a munitions factory. If conscription be necessary to ensure the full concentration of the national energies on the national task, then some elaboration of *The Times's* proposal affords the only reasonable basis for it. Every man would have to report to the appropriate authority what form of national service he was doing, and if he could not give a satisfactory account of his activities he would have to undertake more work of a nature which the authority would sanction.

If the reactions of our people in the crisis of September are any guide to what they will be in any future emergency, the real problem before the Government is not to obtain powers to compel men to undertake national service, but rather to inform each individual what forms of work his qualifications make it desirable that he should undertake. It is imperative that a National Register should be prepared. Its purpose must be not only to inform the Government of the qualifications of those registered, but also to enable the authorities to advise each individual as to the work for which he is fitted, giving him the option of volunteering for some definite type of work.

The preparation of this Register will be a work of no small difficulty. The forms asking for the information on which the entries are to be based must be drafted with the utmost care, so as to elicit the maximum of relevant information and to exclude the irrelevant chatter in which many individuals indulge when discussing their own qualifications. The advice to be given to each individual, which, to be of the smallest value to him, must take into account not only his age and qualifications but also his economic position and family ties, will be a matter requiring even greater care. It will entail an enormous amount of detailed work of a character which few are qualified to carry out. The execution of the work will require not only a Ministry of National Service, for whose formation Sir Auckland Geddes calls, but also the investigation by a strong committee of the



organization required to co-ordinate the claims of the different departments. The aim must be not only to be able to inform the individual of the general nature of the work for which his services would be acceptable, but also, at any rate in the case of the more important national (as distinct from local) posts, to inform him when any actual or prospective opening occurs.

Whether, if these steps are taken, there will be any object in enacting conscription remains to be seen. Its advocates will cite the relative failure of the Derby Scheme. But here it was a case of military service, accepting a rigid obligation repugnant to many types of mind and often inconsistent with private duties. To quote Sir Auckland Geddes : " I am sure that the Royal Navy is the stronger for not having conscripts on board its ships. . . . I cannot picture an air force of conscript pilots equalling our Royal Air Force with its pilots, free men, voluntarily serving the State. . . . I do not think many would seek to apply conscription to the manning of the high fire-power, armoured or mechanized British divisions of the future ". Conscription on the 1916 model need not concern us. If, in war, conscription for home defence is necessary, let it be enacted. But what will it achieve ? It will cause some injustices ; it will prevent some shirkers from slipping out of the net ; others it will not prevent. It cannot but have a depressing effect. It will mean that our own traditional voluntary system will not have been found enough ; it is a form of moral retreat, reducing us, or seeming to reduce us, to the same level as the dictatorships.

To maintain the *morale* of a nation is worth some sacrifice of administrative convenience. Even those who most oppose Mr. Chamberlain on other grounds may congratulate him on standing firm against a section of his supporters by resisting peace-time conscription. In this respect at least he has shown that he understands English needs, English life and the English character. Let him go further by showing that he knows how to organize the strength of the nation when it wants him to organize it.

## FARMERS' POLICY

BY C. S. ORWIN

MODERN agricultural policy may be said to date from the Repeal of the Corn Laws, which began in 1846. Up to that time the increase in agricultural production, both by enclosure of open fields and commons and by improvements in technique, had enabled the country to meet the needs of its growing industrial population. Thus, in 1811, when the population was  $11\frac{3}{4}$  millions, only 600,000 were dependent on foreign wheat. By 1821, when the population had risen to  $13\frac{1}{2}$  millions, only half a million were fed by foreign wheat. Ten years later, in spite of a further rise in population, the position was the same; while in 1841, with a population risen to  $17\frac{1}{2}$  millions, home-grown wheat fed all but 900,000 persons.

It was thus during the early years of free trade that the Golden Age of English farming set in. The growth of population and the relatively slow expansion of imports, following the remission of duties, served to maintain prices at a high level. Wheat, which averaged 54s. 8d. in 1846, averaged 56s. 9d. in 1877, the highest average reached during this 30-year period being 74s. 8d., and the lowest 38s. 6d. It was not until the bad harvests at the end of the 'seventies, followed by the rapid expansion of imports as transport and the use of labour-saving machinery developed, that the effects of the policy initiated by the Repeal of the Corn Laws began to be realized. The pressure of competition was first felt in the grain trade, but it extended, later, to the meat trade, and last of all to the manufactured products of the dairy industry, butter and cheese. Sir James Caird estimated that in the ten years, 1876-1886, the yearly income of landlords, farmers and labourers had diminished by £43,000,000.

National policy, however, was quite unaffected by the cataclysm which overtook the farming industry in the 'eighties



and 'nineties. Two Royal Commissions were appointed, one in 1879, and the other in 1893, and the evidence they collected revealed the appalling state of the industry. But never was it seriously suggested that there should be a return to agricultural protection. Even Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's policy of Tariff Reform was based on the principle that while the home manufacturer should be protected by tariffs from the competition of foreign manufacturers, he should be secured, at the same time, in his overseas markets by the freedom accorded to overseas and particularly to Empire producers to market their food products and raw materials in this country in exchange.

National agricultural policy in this time of stress was to leave farming to face the full force of free-trade while taking steps to improve the internal organization of the industry. It is true that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, had succeeded, after a heated debate, in obtaining a majority of 119 for a registration duty of 3d. a hundredweight on imported corn under the budget of 1902, but this duty was taken off again in the following year and agricultural legislation between 1875 and 1914 was confined to a series of Acts, which fall into three groups.

These were (1) the Agricultural Holdings Acts of 1875 and onwards, which intervened to regulate the contract between landlord and tenant; (2) the Acts regulating the sale of fertilizers and feeding-stuffs and food products; (3) the Acts for the advancement of rural workers by the provision of allotments and small holdings.

Taking the second and third groups first—farmers for the last 40 years and more have been protected by successive Fertilizers and Feeding Stuffs Acts against fraudulent or extortionate salesmen. At the same time, the public have been protected, at various times, by Acts to secure the wholesomeness of the dairy products and meat which farmers sell. Under the various Allotment and Land Settlement Acts passed in the same period, the disabilities of the farm worker, which until then had been regarded only as matters for the Poor Law, were now recognized as an economic problem, and he was to be given access to the land as an opportunity for social and economic advancement.

From the standpoint of national agricultural policy, it is the first of these three groups of Acts that has the most significance. Beginning with the Agricultural Holdings Act of 1875, a tentative measure which only reached the Statute Book by the inclusion of a clause enabling landlords to contract out, later Acts, all of them compulsory, have established the tenant more and more in the position of responsibility for the farming industry, at the expense of the landlord. Prior to 1875, the relations of landlord and tenant were defined by the contract of tenancy and the custom of the country, and custom might specifically be excluded. Since the Act of 1883, however, contract has been over-ridden, more and more, by statute, and the relations of landlord and tenant are such that on every agricultural estate in the country there now exists what is virtually a position of dual ownership.

These are the stages by which this position has been reached. The Agricultural Holdings Act, 1883, was in the main a re-enactment of that of 1875, with the important difference that it was compulsory, not permissive. Its principal feature was that it gave the tenant a statutory right, under certain conditions, to compensation for the value of improvements made by him during his tenancy and unexhausted when he quitted the holding. Custom and contract already provided such compensation in many places, but the evidence given before a Departmental Committee showed that over great districts the improving tenant still had to leave behind him the value of his improvements without any right, either under custom or contract to compensation.

The Agricultural Holdings Act, 1908, further enhanced the tenant's position in several very important matters. It gave him the right of freedom of cropping and disposal of produce. It gave him the right to compensation for unreasonable disturbance by his landlord and for damage done by game which he had not the right to kill. It gave him the right to execute repairs to the holding upon the breach of the landlord's covenant to repair, and to recover compensation, upon quitting; for his outlay. It gave him the property in buildings and other fixtures erected by him during his tenancy.

By the Agriculture Act, 1920, steps were taken to secure



that the tenant's right to compensation if this tenancy were unreasonably determined should be really effective. At the same time, remarkable powers were given to the County Agricultural Committees, under which they could enter upon any estate on which the management was inefficient and detrimental to production, and administer it in the interests of the community. These powers were never put in force, and they were withdrawn in the following year, but all the other rights and privileges accorded to the tenant, since the first Act was passed in 1875, remain, and they have been brought together in the consolidating Act of 1923.

The other characteristic of State policy towards agriculture in the past generation or so has been the organization of assistance to agricultural education and research. The establishment of agricultural departments at the Universities; of agricultural colleges and farm institutes up and down the country; of research institutes at University centres; of advisory services in agriculture and horticulture all over the country, has been possible only by the large and increasing grants which have been provided through the Development Fund and the Ministry of Agriculture.

To sum up the agricultural policy of this country during the second half of last century and for the first thirty years of the present one, it may be said (1) that the nation was resolved to exploit the producers of cheap food anywhere in the world, in the interests of the industrial sections of the country, leaving the home agricultural industry to develop as it could in the face of this competition; (2) that when, as a consequence, the home industry was shaken to its foundations, the State attempted to mitigate the effects of the removal of protection (a) by legislation, the effect of which has been to make the farmer more and more the responsible party in the agricultural partnership; (b) by the endowment of agricultural education and of research centres for the investigation of the scientific and technical problems of agriculture.

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The special measures taken by the State to foster production from the land during the War need not be discussed here. They came and went and they left no permanent mark upon the

industry. It was not until about 1930 that the post-war condition of farming began to cause any real anxiety in the nation at large, and that the whole question of free trade *versus* protection became once more a live issue. It is true that five years earlier the first Labour Government had passed an Act the effect of which was to protect growers of sugar-beet. This, however, was done not as part of a policy of agricultural protection but merely as the means adopted to introduce a new industry into the countryside and to guard its infant footsteps.

Agriculture had passed through a severe crisis following the period of War-time inflation. By 1925, however, it was beginning to re-establish itself at the lower price levels, and the outlook, if not set fair, was less overcast. Four years later, however, the whole situation had changed. It is not the purpose, here, to go into all the causes of this change, for they are fresh enough in most people's minds, but perhaps the economic crisis which swept America in 1929 was the most serious of them. It was the inevitable outcome of the impoverishment of nations by the War and of their attempts at economic rehabilitation by resort to intense economic nationalism. The foreign markets in which the English manufacturer could sell became more and more restricted, while the English market became more and more the only one still open to the foreign producer. Everybody knows what the reaction was on the position of the British farmer. Arable farming, first, and very soon livestock and dairy farming, felt the full force of the competition of produce sent here to be sold at any price.

This was no time for further Agricultural Holdings Acts, nor could the position be met by the more lavish endowment of agricultural education. Something more fundamental was needed if a large part of our farming industry were not to be lost. It is true that producers all over the world were selling below cost, and that such a situation could not go on without producing its own remedy. But it might have continued long enough to injure much of our home agriculture beyond hope of redemption.

This was the situation with which the Labour Government was confronted, but it could not be expected of that Government that it would initiate anything so subversive of the accepted



political theory of eighty years, as to return to protection. Many people had commented upon the weaknesses of the home farmer's marketing organization. However much depressed his industry might be, there seemed always to be a good living for the merchants and dealers who handled his produce, and the idea was gaining ground that much of the farmer's difficulty arose from the inefficiency of his marketing methods. There was still a good living in farming, many people thought, but not for the farmer.

A good deal of support could be advanced for this line of argument. Many people could point to farmers' co-operative marketing organizations which had started with every promise of success only to be wrecked by the fatal weakness of voluntary co-operation—the difficulty of retaining the loyalty of the partners in the enterprise. The experience of the hop growers was very recent. They had been organized in a Government control during the war, and for several years after, with such satisfactory results that when the State control was withdrawn 93 per cent. of them formed themselves into a voluntary association. The 7 per cent. who remained outside enjoyed all the advantages of the organization without certain attendant disabilities, with the result that the numbers of the non-co-operators increased so rapidly that in three years the combine had to be wound up. Hops, of course, are of very little account in English agriculture. Milk production, on the other hand, affects the whole country, and the experiences of the voluntary committee of the National Farmers' Union, which organized a system of collective bargaining with the representatives of the milk trade to fix milk prices year by year, were very similar. While there is no doubt that the Committee secured better returns for milk producers, the situation became less and less satisfactory as milk production increased and there was no means of securing the enforcement of the voluntary agreements concluded.

Thus it was that the present Lord Addison resolved upon a revolutionary measure for the assistance of farmers at this time of great difficulty, which, although it accomplished very little in itself, was to lay the foundations of an entirely new structure in the British farming industry. It was the

Agricultural Marketing Act, 1931, the principle of which, stated briefly, was to enable a majority of the producers of any agricultural commodity to regulate its production and sale, and to compel the minority to conform to these regulations. It may be doubted whether many people, or even Parliament itself, realized the full implications of the measure and the revolution of which it was to be the forerunner. The members of the defunct hop growers' society, who were still licking their wounds, were quick to take advantage of it and to reconstitute their control of hop-marketing. But farmers generally were not satisfied that any re-organization of marketing could reduce the charges upon the industry sufficiently to counter the severe competition from overseas.

Everyone remembers the economic crisis which overtook the world in the same year, 1931, the change in Government which followed, and the immediate reversion to a policy of general protection such as the country had not known for nearly a hundred years. A great deal was done for agriculture, and between the years 1932 and 1937, the policy of the State towards farming was the protection of prices generally. Mr. Walter Elliot's Agricultural Marketing Act of 1933 took powers to control the volume of imports of any commodity for which a Marketing Board had been set up or was contemplated, and every means was resorted to in the effort to raise agricultural prices. There were straight tariffs, restriction and even prohibition of imports, restriction and even prohibition of home production for sale. There were subsidies to home producers, there were levies distributed amongst home producers. One or other of these methods has been applied to practically everything that the farmer produces. Under the Marketing Acts, Producers' Marketing Boards have been set up for four commodities—Hops, Pigs, Milk and Potatoes. And then a new principle was introduced last year, when Mr. Morrison's Agriculture Act was passed, mainly for the purpose of applying subsidies—not to maintain prices as was the purpose of the other measures of protection, but to encourage a higher level of production from the land by assisting farmers to purchase fertilizers.

There agriculture stands to-day. It has been shown how the country, in the middle of last century, resolved upon a

cheap food policy designed to reduce industrial labour costs at home, and to provide markets overseas for the products of industrial labour. It has been shown how this policy upset the old balance of English agriculture, and how the industry came to adapt itself at a heavy cost, to the new conditions which the free food policy imposed. The special weakness of the home farmer's position under a policy of free trade at a time of economic upheaval has been shown, and how the Government sought to remedy it by an all-round policy of protection, combined with legislation enabling producers' monopolies to be created in the form of Marketing Boards, to control production and marketing.

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What is the next stage in the evolution of this new policy to be? In the first place, farmers will do well to remember that there is a limit to what the Government can do in carrying out a policy designed to give the home producer the first place in the home market, the Empire producer the second place, and the foreign producer only what is left. The results of eighty years of free trade are that export markets are vital to the national existence. There is a limit to the amount of home agriculture which this country can afford, and it may not be possible both to maintain the vital export market, and at the same time to encourage home production much further. There have been warnings of this for some time in the speeches of leading statesmen. Speaking at the Conservative Party Conference in October a year ago, the Prime Minister said that in any survey of conditions in this country, the position of industry naturally comes first, because the vast bulk of our wealth is derived from our industrial and commercial activities, and because we are destined to remain an industrial and trading nation. He added that it was not an easy matter to deal with the needs of agriculture in such a country. In his now notorious Kettering speech on July 4th last, he reaffirmed his belief in this view of national economy. The attempt to be self-sufficient in food supplies, he said, would ruin those Empire and foreign countries who are dependent on the British market, and as their purchasing power declined they would no longer be able to buy British manufactures. Up, therefore, would go the unemployment figures and the unemployed, in turn, would have to reduce



their purchases of the farmers' products. Thus, in the end, the final sufferer would be the farmer himself.

Surely, this is nursery economics. But in the debate which followed in the House of Commons some few days later (July 13th) it was apparent that the elementary truth of it has still to be learnt. Those who advocate a higher degree of self-sufficiency demand increased production both as being an end in itself and as being vital to national defence. It is true, of course, as Mr. Lloyd George pointed out, that the reliance of the Government on the building up of reserves of fertility in the soil which could be drawn out, should the emergency arise, might prove illusory, for it is not possible to convert fertile grasslands into waving cornfields at a moment's notice, nor even at all, if the tradition and the equipment of plough husbandry be lacking. At the same time, the argument that the overseas market is vital to national well-being in time of peace, and that command of the seas is equally essential in time of war, has not yet been answered. About half of the population of Britain exists by exchanging its manufactures for the products of home agriculture, and as a consequence of 1846, there is another half which can live only by an exchange with the food products of the Empire and of foreign countries.

Equally, it may not be possible to do much more to displace foreign supplies by supplies from Empire countries. It may not be realized how much has been achieved in these directions already. The introduction of the protection policy led to a reduction of total imports and to an expansion of Empire imports at the expense of foreign imports, up to the end of 1936, but neither of these positions were maintained in 1937. Total imports tended to rise a little, and the foreigner seems to have got back some of the trade which he had lost. It is possible that the limit of expansion both of home production and of Empire supplies is approaching. If this be so, farmers must expect the policy of the future to develop more upon the principles which underlay Lord Addison's first Marketing Act, that is to say, the reduction of costs and the elimination of waste.

This raises the second point, which is that we are unlikely to see any more Marketing Boards on the present lines. Those that we have are producers' monopolies, and there are signs that

consumers are getting restive under the exercise of some of the powers which these monopolies confer. The outstanding example, of course, is the Hops Marketing Board, the operations of which have added more than £150 an acre to the value of hopgardens. Such an application of the Agricultural Marketing Acts to any essential foodstuff would be impossible, but many members of the public cannot understand the differential prices for milk, for example, and despite all the assurances to the contrary by responsible persons, nothing will convince most consumers that the Pigs and Bacon Marketing Boards have not raised the prices of bacon.

There are some indications that if any further Marketing Boards are to be constituted, they will be representative bodies with the addition of independent members. Or they may even take the form of Commissions composed entirely of independent persons knowing nothing of the production or sale of the commodity concerned, who will hear all sides and then bring a ripe judgment to bear upon the evidence. It is possible that some of the existing Boards may be reconstituted on these lines, though producers will not readily surrender the position which they now enjoy. It may be well to remind them, however, that prices are determined ultimately by demand, by what the consumer will pay, and not by cost of production. This may be a hard lesson to learn, for in times of industrial depression when purchasing power is low it may lead to the elimination of the high-cost producers, whose interests are now protected by the marketing boards.

In the third place, there is the question of the elimination of waste in distribution. A good deal has been heard of this recently, but nothing has been done. It is a thorny subject, involving an attack on many vested and well-organized interests, some of which give good service to the public. It is easy to see the weaknesses of the present system as applied to many products. The marketing of fat stock and the distribution of meat, for example, cries to heaven for reform, and who can justify the extravagance of a milk distributing system which keeps hundreds of redundant distributors in business? In Oxford, for example, there were 121 registered distributors in 1936, and 10 of them were distributing no less than 75 per cent.

of the milk sold. It is difficult to believe that the 111 who delivered 25 per cent. were giving useful service. The remedies, however, are not easily found, but it is possible that the question will arise in the consideration of agricultural policy in the future.

Lastly, there is the problem of *planning* the agricultural industry of this country, and this seems likely to be more in evidence in the future than it has been in the past. Hitherto, aid has been given indiscriminately to everything that the farmer produces, and there has been some criticism of this all-round policy. Those who still believe in applied economics, for example, would use the farmer's need for protection to plan an agricultural industry designed to take advantage of the cheap overseas producers of commodities such as wheat and sugar, easily transported, easily stored, while using protection to subsidize the more expensive and more perishable of our home products. The health authorities, again, would use protection to secure adequate supplies of the health foods, so-called, at prices within reach of all. On the other hand, in the new measure to subsidize supplies of lime and basic slag, there appears to be an attempt to promote the formation of food reserves for a war-time emergency. This, of course, cuts right across both the economic and the health policies, but with the present trend of international relations it seems the more likely of the three.

It is particularly interesting to note how the preparations for war seem to be bringing the future policy for farming more and more into line with the immediate post-war views of the experts of the old Ministry of Food. They had evolved a policy based on a combination of a planned home agriculture and a system of Import Boards for the bulk purchase of the foodstuffs that we could not produce. These purchases were to be made at world prices, while the home producer of the planned quantity was to receive a reasonable price, and the two prices were then to be averaged out to the consumer. If national agricultural policy has got to take account, in the future, of the constant menace of war, may it not be that this will be the direction towards which it will gravitate? In the subsidizing of soil fertility under the Agriculture Act, there may be the beginning of a planned home industry, and in the State purchases of wheat and whale



oil, recently announced, there may be the beginnings of an Import Board system.

One thing is almost certain, namely that farmers have got to look forward to more rather than to less Government control. The fierce individualist, who asks for nobody's help and is entirely self-reliant, may well demand to be left alone to do his business as he likes. But the industry which is compelled, even though it be through no fault of its own, to turn to the State for aid, must not be surprised if the State should demand to determine what form its assistance will take, and the conditions upon which it will be given. It does not seem likely that State aid to farming as given to-day can be withdrawn entirely as it was in 1846, for the policy of the present Government is to stabilize prices. On the other hand, it must not be assumed that there is going to be much easy money in agriculture, and the State is likely to demand a larger share in planning and control in proportion as the assistance which it is called upon to give increases.

## THE COMMUNIST MYTH

BY F. BORKENAU

THE actors on the stage, during the last crisis, felt that a shadow rose behind them, ever-present, though hardly ever mentioned in public discussions : the shadow of social revolution. Suppose war came and Russia defeated Germany, what would be the consequences of increased Russian power for the social stability of the West ? Suppose the Western Powers were involved and were finally to defeat Germany, would not a Communist revolution in Germany be the inevitable consequence ? Suppose it were to be a long drawn-out and destructive struggle, would not the fabric of the existing social order be overthrown in the West ? These questions were in everybody's mind. They certainly contributed to the final outcome of the crisis. Closely connected with the crisis as they were, they have gone to sleep with its disappearance. They will be forgotten if there is to be genuine international appeasement. But they will rise again if a new tension develops. It is worth while, therefore, to scrutinize the validity of these fears, which are so adroitly exploited by Hitler and Mussolini, both at home and abroad.

For years past Stalin has ordered the Communist parties to follow a policy intended to allay every suspicion that they might still aim at that social revolution for which Lenin, in 1919, had created the Comintern. Did not Stalin himself, as early as 1935, call the belief that Russia was aiming at world revolution "a tragi-comical misunderstanding" ? At the present juncture,undeniably, Stalin and his group have every conceivable interest to bury the ghost of social revolution all over the world. It is not for nothing that they have buried all its living representatives, as far as they could get hold of them ! The ghost of Lenin's social revolution, to-day, could appear in the Kremlin only as Banquo's ghost appeared at Macbeth's banquet : to announce

the end. And Stalin, Macbeth-like, goes on killing the innocent because he cannot attain the bodiless ghost of his past companions. As far as Stalin's wishes are concerned, the world really need fear nothing from social revolution. And the Communists, all over the world, are busy rubbing in the lesson.

Yet admittedly the assertions of Stalin are insufficient as a safeguard against the dangers which a great part of the world dreads from Moscow; neither are his real and obvious interests a satisfactory guarantee. Ever since the revolution Russian politics, from the viewpoint of the outside observer, have been an impenetrable tangle and a wild zig-zag, where it is always the unexpected that happens. In spite of the haunting ghosts of the past, Stalin, one day, might find it useful to order a new "about-turn" of the Comintern, setting it upon a course diametrically opposed to the one followed at present, and more or less identical with the orgies of verbal revolutionism which characterized the Comintern between 1929 and 1934. Or Stalin might fall—in case of a long drawn-out war the chances of his political survival would be particularly uncertain—and it is quite impossible to predict what policy his heirs might follow. Last but not least, Russia, whether under Stalin's rule or that of some other man, can only control the policy of the Comintern, but not the policy of the labour movement outside the Comintern. Is it inconceivable that what the communists now choose to call "Trotskyism"—though it has little in common with Leon Trotsky himself—may one day come to the top of the labour movement in some, even in many countries, especially if the sufferings of a long war have created social unrest? May not the international labour movement become revolutionary one day?

It is a thankless task these days to be a prophet in political matters. Yet the politician cannot help forming estimates of the future on the basis of some sort of reasonable calculation, and acting on the basis of these estimates. As far as there exists at all some such possibility of calculation and prediction, the obvious inference from all previous experience is, that the supposed menace of social revolution is *not* a serious political proposition.

There is something quite paradoxical about this menace and



its appreciation in the various political camps. Before the Great War, on the continent, the great majority of the labour movement put itself down as "Marxist" and "revolutionary". Then came the war, the peace, and all that followed. The war brought a split, and the vast majority of the socialists all over the world proved by actions that they were not international revolutionaries but nationalist patriots. The bulk of the minority grouped itself around the newly-founded Communist International. Then the Comintern in its turn was split half a dozen times, and the majority, which remained under the wings of Moscow is to-day quite unrevolutionary (though carrying on with its traditional umbrage) and where, as in Spain, it meets revolution, it becomes at once actively counter-revolutionary.

But while labour and the revolutionaries themselves have lost all confidence in world revolution, Marxism, Leninism and other similar "isms", have had an unexpected revival—though with inverted values—among their most enraged adversaries. Before the war it was the job of conservatives and reactionaries to prove that there was nothing in Marxism, that the social revolution was a phantom, born in the brains of misguided intellectuals and having no real contact with and chances in the labour movement. To-day Herr Hitler is intent on proving to the world that social revolution, in the Marxist sense, is perfectly feasible, nay three-quarters achieved, and that it needs his supernatural abilities to preserve humanity from the impending catastrophe. Outside the various sects classified as "Trotskyist" the only social sphere where, to-day, you can find a sincere belief in social revolution—as a work of the devil, of course—are Fascist meeting-halls, and the homes of the ever-frightened petty bourgeois who are congenitally convinced that the wicked are out to deprive them of consolation of their last "consols" or "*rentes*".

The contrast between these fears, which constitute a serious social disease, and the reality of a weak and utterly non-revolutionary labour movement is striking enough and affords an interesting example of a "social myth", such a myth is a welcome hunting-ground for the sociologist, but a serious drawback to any cool political judgment. Any real estimate

of the chances of a recrudescence of social revolution must obviously start from an analysis of past experience of that mysterious thing, social revolution. But it would be asking too much from the frightened *rentier* to analyse things so coolly. Has he not, in fact, lost very much indeed since 1914? Has he not every reason to fear that things, in the future, will be rather worse than better? He is neither a sociologist nor a politician. He must have a scapegoat for his misery. Whether he prefers the Jews or the Reds—in Russia, where red is officially a holy colour, the Reds are called “Trotskyists”—is a matter of choice. Most people concerned seem to incline to the solution that the Jews and the Reds are both guilty. But some educated people who regard the horror of the Jew as superstitious and below their dignity, join only more heartily for that in the chorus about the “red” danger. I imagine that many of them would be surprised if asked whether they can name a single case, in a modern industrial country, where the threat of a revolution of the working classes has been more than a police problem. In the French revolution, to be true, the proletariat rose—and not even to-day the memory of this rising and its horrors is quite extinguished in the conservative tradition of this country. But the French revolution was a different matter. The proletariat, then, did not rise alone and for its own aims; it rose as an auxiliary for the bourgeoisie itself and for the peasants. But has there ever been a serious proletarian rising proper in a modern industrial country?

The case of Germany, in this context, is certainly a test case. Compared with both Britain and the United States, the German workers, before the War, were infinitely more revolutionary. Compared with France, they were infinitely more numerous. Compared with the victorious allies, they suffered infinitely more during the war. And, at the end of the war, there was not even a police force left to deal with their riots, riots of a starving multitude which had gone through four years of slaughter and ruthless brutality at the front. Riots, indeed, there were, and for a few months, in 1918 and in the beginning of 1919, they filled the political stage with their noise, owing to the absence of an adequate police force. Had any appreciable section of the proletariat been revolutionary, nothing, during those days,

could have opposed them. They had plenty of arms, a "revolutionary" tradition, leaders, some of them immensely popular such as Karl Liebknecht, others both popular and shrewd, such as that remarkable woman Rosa Luxemburg. And the result? A few weeks of disorder. The masses simply did not follow them. A few troops, rapidly collected at random, were sufficient to deal, at a moment of utter chaos, with the oldest and strongest proletarian revolutionary movement in the world.

1920 came, and the rising of the Reichswehr against the republic. Again the workers rose, better organized now than the year before, and—here was the decisive difference—united in the fight against the monarchical *coup*. They defeated the *coup*, in a general strike and in sanguinary warfare. Again, in wide areas of the Reich, there was no police and no army in evidence. Again in those districts, power was in the hands of the workers. Again, docilely, they laid it down, and the great majority, without striking a blow, delivered those who wanted to continue fighting for a proletarian dictatorship to the vengeance of the Reichswehr.

Later, there came the tremendous slump-period of 1929-33. There is no question, to-day, but that its result was not a proletarian but a Fascist revolution. During these years, the Communist vote rose high, affording splendid propaganda material for Hitler. But at the same time Communist influence in the workshops declined rapidly. Not a single strike could the Communists bring about, in spite of all their slogans, in their "fight" against fascism.

Is it necessary to mention other countries? In Great Britain itself, certain movements of the proletariat have made a deep impression, probably because the very existence of an advanced labour movement was so new to this country. After the War apprehensions were deep, much deeper, in fact, than in France, mainly because, in 1910, the thing called labour unrest had been unknown on this side of the channel since the days of Chartism. But in fact this labour unrest achieved as little as Chartism itself. Does the breakdown of labour militancy in the general strike contain no teaching as to the real dangers—or chances, as the case may be—of a revolutionary labour movement in this country?



Only two years ago, the "Popular Front", in France, disturbed the sleep of well-meaning people. Arising out of a movement to ward off Fascism, the "Popular Front", in the rush of success, enacted a rather extensive programme of social reform. Two years later, very little remains of this social legislation, except the very reasonable principle of holidays with pay. And it is no secret that the various "Popular Front" Governments in France have been much more manageable for British conservative foreign secretaries than many of their reactionary predecessors.

These experiences ought never to be forgotten in any discussion of the prospects of the international labour movement. They give the clue to the inefficiency and decline of the Communist International. Starting from their Marxian assumptions, and playing upon the resentment of the masses after the long sufferings of the war, the Communists had believed that the masses would fall an easy prey to their agitation. But the event proved that Marxism had started from totally mistaken assumptions about mass psychology in general and about working-class mentality in modern industrial countries in particular. Even at the height of post-War tension, the workers could not be moved to make theirs the cause of social revolution. And it was this very experience which after innumerable attempts and failures, made the Communists themselves turn away from their revolutionary tactics. It is not the will of the Communist International which makes the workers law-abiding or revolutionary. On the contrary, the reality of working-class patriotism, nationalism and anti-revolutionism has forced the Communists to revise their attitude. They may espouse some more militant "line" any day, but the only result would be their complete isolation as happened in fact in earlier attempts to bring about revolution.

Ah! but what about Spain, about China, about Russia itself? Do not these countries afford ample proof that the idea of social revolution is no phantom? If Marxists make this contention the obvious answer is that, after all, revolution in these countries does not appear to have brought about the sort of social order that they hitherto called socialism. But this is no answer to the adversary of social revolution. For, whatever the final

result, these countries have lived through real social revolution. Actually, history of these revolutions affords precisely a final confirmation of my thesis. For none of these countries at the time of its revolution, could be properly described as a modern industrial country. On the contrary, they had all more or less remained in the feudal stage of development, and the revolutionary cravings of their intelligentsia found their natural mass backing in widespread *peasant* unrest. It is not contended here that all revolutions are impossible. It is only contended that the modern industrial proletariat in a modern industrial country is never revolutionary.

The point is that the peasantry which gave the mass battalions to the Russian, Spanish, Chinese and other similar revolutions, has become profoundly conservative, wherever the peasant has become the owner of his land. The worker could never count upon support of the peasant in modern France, or in the greater part of modern Germany, not to mention the totally different situation in U.S.A. and in the Dominions. The problems with which Spain, Russia and China are faced to-day have much in common with the problems facing France in 1789. And, though other forces have interfered and made the result of revolution in these countries different from what it had been in France, the starting-point of revolution was not so very different in each case. But a revolution in a modern industrial country would be something profoundly and essentially different. The revolution of burghers, workers and peasants against feudalism, was a reality in earlier ages and, where feudalism subsists, is a living reality to-day. The proletarian revolution in a modern industrial country is nothing but an intellectual construction, a phantom, and a bogey useful for clever agitators who want to frighten innocent small *rentiers*. The anti-feudal revolution can only be put to sleep by thorough agrarian reform—and those who want to transform Spain into a quiet conservative country have a safe means of achieving it by giving the Spanish peasant sufficient land to live on. The "proletarian revolution" in modern industrial countries is a minor problem for the police in normal times, and sometimes an awkward problem in times of unrest; but it is, as all historical experience has gone to prove, never a serious menace.

In its present shape this pretended menace takes the form of the Communist International, and in that shape more than anything else, it is an interesting specimen of human folly. For what could be more foolish than a Communist party, assuring us every day that it is aiming at nothing but at the preservation of democracy, and at the same time asserting in a rage that it has not changed its old ideals. This is not to say that the Communist parties could never constitute a political nuisance. They might, time and again, but in an entirely non-revolutionary direction. They are, after all, forces pledged to the unqualified defence of the interests of a particular foreign Power, and it is never agreeable for a country to have to reckon with a mass movement putting foreign interests far before the interests of their own country. But the last crisis seems to have proved that, even in this respect, the Communist menace is smaller than might at first sight appear. After all, Stalin could do nothing with the Communist International but keep it under lock and key during the whole crisis. A few harmless manifestoes were issued, a few unimportant newspaper articles written; not a single serious act, not a single serious attempt at influencing the foreign policy of any country.

There remains the argument that, what has never happened hitherto, may yet happen in the future. If the Comintern is dead for revolution, some other movement may take up its banner—as the Trotskyists do—and succeed with it. Again, this belief is shared by both Trotskyists and ultra-conservatives, with the only difference that for the former it is a hope and for the latter a menace. There are no mathematical arguments in history and politics. Everything depends on the correct evaluation of somewhat ill-defined experiences. But the fact is that the War and its effects converted revolutionary Marxism from a majority into a minority in the Labour movement of the modern industrial countries; that recent years have brought with them the breakdown of even this revolutionary minority; and that what remains at present of the revolutionary labour movement are a few insignificant sects, negligible, not only in numerical strength but in intellectual achievement and potential power of expansion. I cannot help thinking that those who fear them know them very little.



## WRITE ABOUT REAL PEOPLE!

BY FREDA C. BOND

I'M fond of a good read. No-one in Inkerman Terrace enjoys a nice book more than I do. It's handy the library being next the butcher's. I always choose the meat myself, I don't hold with telephoning, and that means twice a week at least I go to Charles Street, and I can change my book at the same time. I've got a good one out now—don't ask me the name, I never can remember titles or authors. Miss Burt—that's the little assistant with the fluffy hair, I don't care so much for Miss Chalmers, too la-di-da—she knows just what I like. 'I've got the very thing for you to-day, Mrs. Harbottle', she'll say, and she never makes a mistake.

This one, now, it's got a splendid bit about where the governess gets a legacy and goes to Monte Carlo—there's a lovely description of her dress, and the rooms and all: the heat and the scent, you know, and the villainous faces. Well, this girl sits next to a French Count who—but I won't spoil the story for you, you must read it yourself. I wish I could remember the name, but the book's upstairs, and my feet hurt so, this spring weather.

"Why do you read such rubbish, Auntie?" Althea says, "Why don't you read about real people?"

Althea has tea with me every Thursday, it's handy for her rhythmic class, and then on Tuesdays and Fridays I have little Peter and Richard to lunch, before games, you know. It saves them going all the way back to Queen's Square, and it's nice for me to have company. The house is so quiet, sometimes, since Arthur went, and I don't fancy a dog. It's not the same.

"I know these books aren't literature, Althea", I said, "but maybe I'm an escapologist (I like to keep up with the jargon, you see). Maybe I like to get outside Inkerman Terrace a little, when I read a book".

"You'd do that just as well", she said, "if you read what the *good* moderns are writing; the authors, I mean, who write about real people."

So she lent me a book, a collection of short stories, to show me the kind of thing she meant.

I've been reading some of those stories, half a dozen of them, at random, and really I don't know what to think.

The first story, now, that was about two north country sailors, off a cargo boat, spending the evening in an—there now, the book's upstairs, but I think they called it an *estaminet*: it's so long since I've been abroad. They talked as well as they could, not knowing the language, to a couple of French girls, and I rather thought it might be working up to a bedroom scene. But nothing happened: nothing at all.

Nothing happened in the second story either. It was about an Irish emigrant from New York returning to his native village—Clontarn, it was made out to be. It was all about his childhood's reminiscences and there really seemed to be nothing in it, though at the end I began to wonder, was he a man, or was he perhaps a ghost? Perhaps that's artistic writing, not making it clear whether you are talking about spooks or flesh and blood: I don't know.

In the third story, there was plenty of action. It was really quite unpleasant. An ex-convict breaking into the house of a judge who had once sentenced him to the cat, and battering him to death. And the fourth story was unpleasant too. It was about a Russian scientist helping a Polish Count to make a mummy out of the corpse of his mistress, a French girl. After all she must have gone through in her life, poor girl, to submit to that after she was dead! Really, the details were so gruesome I was quite upset and had to take a dose of Bisodol before I could enjoy my tea.

Then the fifth story was about a little girl leaving a board school (it's the author who called it that, and I thought it was rather a funny mistake for a realist writer to make, as even I know well there haven't been any schools called board schools for years and years) and coming upon her elder sister doing what she shouldn't with a boy from a bakery. The little sister is very properly, upset, and goes off and writes a dirty word on

some palings near the cemetery. That's all there was in the story—they didn't even tell you what the word was.

The last story was about a kitchen maid, going back to her home for the week-end. She walks a long way along a tow path, and when she's nearly at the end, she discovers she's going to have a baby. The master at her situation seems to have forgotten himself. The author didn't say *how* she discovered her misfortune, and as I don't think the editor would have boggled at printing the details, I rather think perhaps he didn't know. Anyway, instead of going on home, the poor girl puts down the plum cake she was carrying on the tow path, and goes and drowns herself in the canal.

So these are stories about real people. Well, I hope I'm not a snob, but there's one thing I can't help noticing. Not one of the people in these stories is of gentle birth—well, if you except the Polish Count, and you really can't count foreigners, what with using tooth picks, and spitting in trams, and other habits I needn't mention, they're not the same as us. Why, not one of the people in the stories is middle class, even. I'm middle class myself, father having been in trade, but Arthur, he was town clerk, of course, and his brother, Althea's father, is head of the grammar school and we've always taken what you might call a good position.

So what I mean is, it's all very well to say, read the authors who write about real people, but how are we to tell whether the people in these stories *are* real? The people who'd be able to tell you, who'd be able to say, yes, life's like that, they are the convicts and kitchenmaids the stories are written about. Well, I can't say what sort of books convicts fancy, but I know a bit what kitchen-maids like, and if I'm an escapologist, they are escapologists to the enth, if that's how you spell it. Diamond necklaces, you know, and princes incognito. I can't say I think they'll say thank you for stories like the ones in Althea's book.

I'll give you an instance. Bridget, my cook, she's Irish, and all I've ever seen her read is the day's motto on the tear-off calendar—it's wonderful how they seem made to fit the day, she says. But I was reading that story I told you about, about the Irish emigrant, when Bridget came in with the tea, Violet being out, and I said to her :



“Bridget, there’s a story here I think you’d like to read”—not that I did, you know—“about Clontarn, near Dublin”.

“And why would I be liking to read about Clontarn”? she says. “There’s glass houses there, as long as to-day and to-morrow, glass houses of tomairtoes, which is pisen to me, and that’s all there is about Clontarn”.

You see? And it’s a funny thing the story never mentioned those glass houses. But perhaps there’s two Clontarns.

If I was to tell Bridget the story about the kitchen-maid, I wonder what she’d say? Illegitimate babies wouldn’t be any novelty to Bridget, not that she’s had one herself, as far as I know. But they crop up here and there in her conversation, in a casual way—for try as I may, I can’t get Bridget trained to say yes and no, like maids in good service should, and every place she’s ever been in, I know the history of it by now.

“She had to be married in green, on account of her costume that year being as green as grass, and the baby coming before it was welcome”—she said that to me only yesterday, and you see, the tragedy was the green costume, instead of white satin, it wasn’t the baby itself. Of course, I grant you, things are more awkward if the baby’s father is married already, but if you can judge by Bridget, girls don’t take it so hard as to go drowning themselves in a canal. Whether they should, that’s another matter, but it takes all sorts to make a world, I always say.

And that’s what these modern writers, these writers of what they call “litory” short stories, don’t take into account, or why don’t they write some stories about us, about the middle classes, living in Inkerman Terrace, maybe? That’s what I asked Althea this very morning, coming upon her having a cup of coffee in Wilkinsons, where I’d been to look in on their mannequin parade. And really, the fashions! You’ve got to be twenty-one, and no more than 36in. round the hips, or it’s all up with you. That’s another class of persons don’t seem to take account of all the different types there is: the fashion designers, I mean.

“But Auntie”, Althea says, “they couldn’t write about life in Inkerman Terrace. It’s too—superficial. Coffee in the morning, you know (and she was having it herself, if you please)

and bridge in the afternoon, and dogs and servants and clothes and gardening. There's no guts in it".

Well, guts, I take it, means vitals, "innards". But what I think: the stronger the vitals—guts, if you like—are, the more they need wrapping up, protecting, like. That's what our interest in clothes and rose bushes and five suit bridge is, a protective covering. Perhaps when you're young you don't need it so much.

The youngest householder in Inkerman Terrace is over fifty—it just happens that way. And are you telling me there's been nothing in the lives of any of us worth writing about? I guess that some of the conversations of old Captain Woodgate, R.N., him that lives at Number 1, would be as well worth recording as that of those sailors in the French pub. And that about his nephew being mixed up in a sedition case: you could make a story out of that, couldn't you?

The Misses Battersby at Number 2 don't look promising material, I grant you. They are always dyeing their clothes different colours, and the material shrinks a little each time they dye it. It's lucky for them, skirts being so much shorter this year. But then, you see, they have to economize. I wouldn't mention it to Althea, but their brother went off his head and shot his wife and children and then himself. The two little ones recovered, and Maud and Beatrice have supported them these fifteen years or more.

Now, a writer who understood psychology, he could make something of Mr. T. Mortimer at Number 3. He's another that has to be careful, financially, I mean. He used to be the Rev. T. Mortimer, a very good living he had, and then he began to have doubts about Anglican orders—it would take too long to explain. In the end he resigned his living and joined the Roman Church, only, you see, there was his wife, so he couldn't become a priest. It's not only the poverty, Mrs. Mortimer says, it's the dreadful uncertainty whether he did the right thing. He goes for long walks every afternoon, and she's just papered the whole of the first floor herself.

Mrs. Carlton-Smith: now she's a one, Althea would say, was all wrapped up in her bridge, and certainly she plays five days a week. But then, you see, the specialists tell her it's inoperable and they give her two years. I think there's material for a grim

little story there, her sitting at the bridge table, and wondering.

I know my own life's not been eventful, a humdrum, happy life. But there's incidents in it which, if I was living in Railway Buildings instead of Inkerman Terrace, and qualified for inclusion among the "real" people, a writer might make something of. Us thinking the lawyer had said Dad had left forty thousand and it was really fourteen (there was six of us, you see)—moving to the little house near the tram terminus—me getting struck on Bob Williams and finding it was Agnes he was after—then Arthur falling for me, and him engaged to Gladys Mills at the time—our baby dying, and Arthur getting his O.B.E. the next day. And freshest in my mind, of course, is Arthur's illness and me getting called to give the blood transfusion. The nurse said it was a very rare thing, a transfusion at my age: I was proud. But it didn't save Arthur.

But all those things are the plums in the pudding, as it were, you can't ignore the solid stuff round them: making hair-dressing appointments—doing the altar flowers—rearranging the meals, every time Bridget changes her night out—choosing birthday presents—doing my exercises—weeding the rockery. One's kept going all the time.

"But it's selection, Auntie", Althea says, "that you need in art". That may be. I know nothing about art—though you won't catch me making you snigger by adding, "but I know what I like". If it's art you're after, well and good, and I'm not in a position to judge. But if these young men claim that what they're doing is depicting life as it is, writing about real people, all I can say is—don't tell me!



# TANGANYIKA AND THE MANDATE

BY LORD CHESHAM

**I**T is apparent that much anxiety exists about the future of the Mandated Territories and the possibility of the return of her former colonies to Germany. It is an unfortunate fact that at home the general public, and indeed many of our Members of Parliament, have only a very superficial knowledge of these Mandated Territories, of their history, of their possibilities of development, or indeed, of their geographical position. Doubt and ignorance still exist in many quarters about the Tanganyika Mandate ; what it means and what effect it has had on the country concerned. The Mandate was granted by the Council of the League of Nations to Great Britain, " Germany having renounced in favour of the Principal Allied and Associated Powers all her rights over her overseas possessions ". So it follows that the " ownership " of Tanganyika Territory is vested in the Principal Allied and Associated Powers. The Mandate consists of thirteen Articles, the general tenor of which can be shortly summed up in Article 3, which reads :—

" The Mandatory shall be responsible for the peace, order and good government of the territory, and shall undertake to promote to the utmost the material and moral well being and the social progress of its inhabitants. The Mandatory shall have full powers of legislation and administration."

This means that Great Britain accepts the Trusteeship of the Territory on behalf of the League of Nations.

Other articles of the Mandate which may well be mentioned here are :—

Article 4. " The Mandatory shall not establish any military or naval bases, nor erect any fortifications, nor organize any native military force in the territory except for local police purposes and for the defence of the territory."

Article 7. which secures to all nationals of States Members of the League of Nations equal rights to those of the Mandatory.

Article 16. which provides the Mandatory with authority to constitute a ' customs, fiscal and administrative union or federation with the adjacent territories under its sovereignty or control.'

Such are the main terms under which we hold the Mandate over Tanganyika Territory, a form of Trusteeship for the benefit of all the inhabitants of the territory with no preference for British Nationals over those of other States Members of the League of Nations. It is an admitted fact that the terms of the Mandate have been carried out conscientiously by Great Britain.

On this basis development proceeded, and the enormous resources of the country became increasingly apparent. The Native education and general well-being advanced rapidly and many nationals of countries, who were members of the League of Nations, settled in the Territory, for the development of its mineral and agricultural resources, to the very great benefit of the territory generally. Native production increased beyond all anticipation and is continuing to increase annually. In particular great progress was made with the production of tea and sisal and similar branches of agriculture, most of which are produced by Europeans, giving employment to a very large number of natives. The mineral output of the territory also has proved of very great value, although it is thought by many experts and authorities that so far only the fringe of these resources has been touched. But there is no disputing the fact that of recent years the normal development of the country has been very seriously retarded by the doubts which have arisen about the future of the territory and of the wisdom of investing money in a country which might be returned to Germany. Capital has been needed for European activities such as sisal, and tea-production, and necessary developments such as factories, power stations, etc. which would have been undoubtedly of great and lasting benefit to the whole territory.

In view of this anxiety it might be of interest to try to realize the attitude and position of the Germans who are living in the territory at the present time. In doing so it must be remembered that Tanganyika is vast in extent, being equal to half the entire pre-war German Empire in area and, the largest single country administered by the Colonial Office. Nevertheless climatic conditions tend to concentrate European settlers in approximately two areas, one in the north around Arusha and Moshi, overshadowed by the snowcapped Mount Kilimanjaro; the other in the Highlands of the south, the centre of which is

approximately the town of Iringa. Apart from Dar es Salaam, the seat of Government and the chief port, these two areas contain the majority of the European settlers.

The existing German nationals in these areas may be divided roughly into three types.

- (a) those who were there before the War and returned to live there.
- (b) those who were subsidized by the German Government and sent out after the War.
- (c) those who have come out since the cessation of the subsidy.

A company has been formed, supported and financed by the German Government, to look after the German settlers. This company has advanced to most of them the necessary capital for obtaining and developing their land and in return the company holds a mortgage. In addition, the company insists that all agricultural produce must be sold to, or through, the company, the company giving the settler credit with which he can purchase the necessities of life from them.

This, in theory, is an excellent method and might be thought to be of considerable value to the settler. What happens, in actual fact, is that the Company has complete control of the settler, takes all his produce, tells him what to do and doles out to him what actual cash the directors consider advisable, usually an amount totally inadequate to his needs.

Though this may be approved in principle by some people, the result to the settler is that he has no control over his own affairs and is perpetually in financial difficulties through inability to get the just reward he has earned by his own efforts. He cannot get his own money from Germany owing to the restrictions on the export of German currency, and in most cases he cannot get payment for his produce, at any rate in cash, because he is tied by the regulations of the company. What is so surprising is that, in spite of the reputation the Germans have been given for thoroughness and business ability, this company is not efficient. Two illustrations may be given. A bacon factory was erected to provide a market for pigs produced by German settlers. The result was failure, due to mishandling and inability to produce good bacon. The factory was closed down



and much of the plant was subsequently sold at a dead loss. Again a tea factory was established in the tea growing area, and is in operation at the present time, but there is an increasing demand amongst the tea producers, ninety per cent. of whom are German, for the provision of another factory.

During the past year approaches have been made by the German settlers to no less than four different British firms in an effort to persuade them to act as a marketing medium for agricultural produce, in place of the existing German Government-controlled company. As recently as September last a meeting of German producers was called in Iringa to consider the question of co-operating with a British trading and marketing organization for the purpose of marketing pyrethrum, which promises to be a valuable crop in the southern Highlands. At this meeting co-operation was violently opposed by the representative of the Germany company; but in spite of this opposition a vote was given in favour of the British organization.

These facts show that the practical policy of the German Government to support and encourage agricultural settlement for their own people in Tanganyika is not effective. It has certainly not proved of any assistance to the German settler and it has also been of doubtful value to the development of the territory as a whole. It certainly cannot be encouraging to the German Nationals in the country to welcome wholeheartedly the return of the territory to complete German rule. Those of them, who were more or less subsidized by the German Government, were led to believe that an organization existed which would care for their interests and look after them. But they are learning now, by somewhat bitter experience, that the existing organization is not only failing to look after the interests of the settler, but, by getting the settler under its complete control, it is preventing the German National from selling his produce elsewhere and obtaining the markets which are open to settlers of other nationalities. As we have already seen, one of the articles of the Mandate insists on absolutely equal rights between nationals of States Members of the League of Nations. (Actually, although Germany is no longer a Member of the League, her Nationals in Tanganyika are still treated as if she were still one). But the equality and freedom for the

German settler has been deliberately nullified by the action of the German Government through this operating company.

No wonder that a certain amount of anxiety exists amongst the Germans in Tanganyika as to the future of that Territory. Although the big majority of them are professing Nazis, they get no recognition whatever from their compatriots or from the company which is theoretically looking after their interests. They have their clubs and full Nazi organization and when collected together at their meetings, they render enthusiastic lip service to the Nazi *régime*. But were it possible to arrange a genuine secret ballot amongst the entire German population of Tanganyika, it is extremely doubtful whether the majority would be in favour of a return to the rule of the Fatherland.

There are Germans living there who have expressed privately great anxiety at reading in the British Press that there is a possibility of the return of the country to Germany. Of course, they say, it is only to be expected in the German Press but, when they read in the British Press that there are people in England who are prepared to consider the question, then their fears are really aroused. These are people who have lived under British Administration on equal terms with others in the territory, but have been compelled to come under the control of the German company either by financial stringency or by virtual compulsion of their neighbours. The Germans of this class would welcome the retention of the territory under its present Government, they would welcome further the possibility of liberating themselves from the stranglehold of the German company. They are torn between patriotism to the Fatherland on the one hand and their personal interest and advantage on the other. There is no doubt whatever that a large proportion of them would consider their personal interest and the well-being of the Territory in which they have made their homes, rather than a nebulous loyalty to a *régime* to which they are compelled to render lip service.

A year or so ago, Germany was still using arguments in an effort to prove how essential it was for her to have her colonies returned. It was said that Germany must have space for her surplus population. In Tanganyika, space is just about all she would get. Surely the first consideration in any form of

settlement or colonising scheme is to be assured that the settlers will be able to make a sufficient income to keep themselves alive. Any large-scale colonization such as Germany requires for her surplus population would be absurd to contemplate in Tanganyika, or indeed in any part of Africa. The white labouring wage-earner has no place in countries where native labour in large quantities is available. Certainly there are grand opportunities for settlement in the Territory, especially in the Southern Highlands where the Southern Highlands Estates are providing facilities for mixed farming. But the settlers must have enough capital to equip their farms and set themselves up. They cannot earn their living as agricultural labourers. For a reasonable number of the right type of person, the prospects of earning a decent living in a perfect climate are wonderful, but to shift say half a million people to any part of Africa and expect them to be able to earn a living is manifestly ridiculous. And nothing on a smaller scale than this is really going to be of any use to Germany. Again, the old argument of Germany's inability to get raw materials no longer holds good. Although no longer a member of the League of Nations, Germany can procure from Tanganyika all the raw materials produced in that country on exactly the same terms as Britain or any other Member of the League.

But even Germans no longer use these arguments. Now they claim their former colonies as a right, with no arguments in justification, presumably because they have none. It has now become a question of prestige. By obtaining possession of Tanganyika, Germany would certainly gain a certain amount of prestige, and in addition a very valuable military and naval base in the event of war. In peace time, it is hard to see what practical advantage Germany would gain which would in any way offset the loss, and menace, to the British Empire and the rest of the world. Geographically, Africa would be split in half. With the Belgian Congo on the West, and German Tanganyika adjoining it on the East, away would go the Air Route to South Africa except "by kind permission" of the German Government. The position of Kenya and Uganda would become most unenviable, Kenya being sandwiched between Italian Abyssinia on the north and German Tanganyika on the south. Uganda



because her sole exit to the sea lies through Kenya, would be in much the same position.

From the strategic or military point of view Tanganyika is of no value to Britain owing to the terms of the Mandate which prevent the establishment of military or naval bases and allow only sufficient native forces for the maintenance of good order and the defence of the territory. But the possibility of the establishment of German bases there, for military, air or naval purposes, would prove a very real danger and necessitate extensive defensive measures in the adjoining countries and in India.

The question of administration and government of the Territory is serious. Article 10 of the Mandate allows for union with neighbouring territories which are under the sovereignty or control of the Mandatory. There exists at the present time a customs and postal union between Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika, to the advantage of all three countries. There is a large body of opinion which considers that this union should be considerably extended to include more branches of the administration. It seems obvious that any such proposal, which might prove to be of advantage to the Territory and its inhabitants, must be permanently ruled out, should the country return to German rule. "Closer union" with Kenya and Uganda will undoubtedly become an accomplished fact in the course of time, and it is even possible to visualise still further unions and the establishment of the United Central African States. Such was a part of Rhodes' dream and ambition, and such is also the dream, of many who know and appreciate Africa. Is all this great new dominion which is now within the bounds of possibility, to be sacrificed to satisfy a claim based on German prestige, but otherwise of doubtful practical value to Germany?

It does not follow, because Tanganyika is of considerable value to the British Empire, even with the restrictions imposed by the Mandate, that she must be of equivalent value to Germany to any other power. The possibilities offered by the territory are increased to an incredible extent by the fact of her geographical position, between Kenya and Rhodesia. Co-operation of all kinds and unions and agreements in many new

directions are possible, which would be utterly impossible with a foreign power, however friendly to Great Britain.

Everyone with experience of life in any of the Colonies will agree that an isolated farm, with no neighbours, suffers great disadvantages as compared with farms laid out as a community, with neighbours near at hand, where co-operation in many ways can be carried out. The same is true of countries. Tanganyika at present forms a part of a community settlement, all within the British Empire, which is of very great benefit to her development and well being. As an isolated German Colony, surrounded by territories under foreign control, her future would be far less promising. It would mean competition rather than co-operation, and keen competition is very detrimental to a young country just beginning to stand on her own feet.

There was a feeling amongst certain Members of Parliament a short time ago that the return of Tanganyika to Germany would ensure world peace! This argument is difficult to follow. It has been shewn that the only real advantage of Tanganyika to Germany depends on war. In peace time Germany has equal rights with Great Britain and other countries in obtaining the produce from and developing the Territory. Should war break out, Tanganyika would immediately become of immense value to Germany.

Many things are to be learnt by living for some time in Africa and not the least of them is the mentality of the German settler. It is reasonable to suppose that there is no great difference between the mentality of the German in the Colonies and the German in the Reich. Certainly in Tanganyika the German understands a strong determined attitude and considers vacillation a sign of weakness. A strong declaration now that Tanganyika has become an integral part of the British Empire, under the Mandate, and that any question of its cession to Germany will not be tolerated, would be understood and accepted by all Germans. Vacillation, doubts and promises of discussion will be taken as a form of weakness on the part of Great Britain and will encourage Germany to "ask for more".

## THE POET AND THE NOVEL

BY RICHARD CHURCH

THROUGHOUT the nineteenth century, and increasingly so during the present century, the cultivation of the novel—the writing of it, and the reading of it—has tended to become separated from all idea of literary consciousness and even general culture. That state of letters has become so marked that young poets, setting out on their great careers, have looked on the novel with abhorrence, and upon novelists as mere tradesmen. It is a pretty piece of snobbery ; but it is symptomatic, and it follows upon fact. And the fact is, that the novel has fallen upon evil days.

I want first to discover with you the main necessities of the poet's development. That development follows roughly the same lines as the development of every other man or woman. We all begin our *real* life, that is to say, our *conscious* or *seeking* life, enveloped in those clouds of glory of which the poet Wordsworth has sung. Heaven lies about us in our infancy ; and it is a state of affairs making for isolation. All that we see is an estate which we, as individuals, have just inherited. We stand, as it were, on the threshold of life ; and the building before us is a vast hall of mirrors. As soon as we take one step forward, into the range of consciousness, those mirrors re-create us, and the world is crowded with our own ego.

It is most exciting and inspiring—until something happens. Some derisive outside force, an intangible power which we may call Time, or Experience ; or if we are up to date, and good Marxists, we may call it Economic Pressure ; that force, I say, kicks a heel and cracks *one*, only *one*, mind you, of those mirrors ; and suddenly the whole universe goes wrong. Our subjects, that were so beautiful, so perfect a replica of ourselves, are

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“ This article is the gist of the Tredegar Memorial Lecture delivered before the Royal Society of Literature on 12th October, with the Marquess of Crewe in the chair.”



cracked and warped, and our flawless consciousness of self is no longer flawless.

If we are brave, we step forward to examine the phenomenon. If we are still childish and afraid, we step backward. But whatever way we step, we find ourselves no longer isolated. We are in a crowd; but now an *unfamiliar* crowd; and every individual in that crowd has suffered an experience—a devastating experience—similar to our own. From that moment we begin to live. From that moment we begin to move from self-consciousness to *true* consciousness.

And how does it affect the poet's work? It begins by abating his lyrical fervour. It often silences him for a time, because the old ego from which his music sprang is cancelled out. He is crushed, disillusioned. He is only one of the many; only a cog in the wheel of society.

But after this sense of defeat has worn off, he wakes up again to a new exhilaration. He finds delight once more; but this time it is an *impersonal* delight. He develops a sense of character, and begins to study the conflict of character. His old ecstasies are now focussed down from cosmic things to human things, and to the drama of man with man. He introduces a new, and a stiffer ingredient into his work. We may call it ethics; or if it takes a more dogmatic turn, we may call it politics. But whatever it is, and in whatever degree of intensity it affects him, it is always compounded of the one element; and that element is the conduct of man with man.

The poet may have retained his lyrical technique; but his adult mind demands something else; something formal, something solid, upon which he can begin to build an expression that is structural, architectural.

He wants to prove himself in a more responsible way, with work sustained over the skeleton of a moral philosophy. And that philosophy is the growth of his contact with his fellow creatures. It has not the sublime and egoistic simplicity of youth and youth's lyricism. It is intricate with humility; complicated with detailed experiences, day-to-day experiences, which have come to him as a member of human society, a man amongst men. He has reached the epic stage, the dramatic stage. One or other of them, according to his nature. But

in both cases, he must have an art-form which is continuous and elaborate.

Where is he to find it to-day ? We know what the answer is. We know what a pitiful anachronism it is to see a poet struggling with an epic poem. Even a century ago our poets had begun to be uneasy about it. From a historical point of view, it is hard to evade the uncertainty when we ask, Why did Browning write *The Ring and the Book* in blank verse ? It is still harder to evade it when we think of Bridges' *Testament of Beauty*. Was there not a touch of the ivory tower in the attitude of those poets ; a defeatism which made them pretend not to care if their audiences should be restricted to the cultured few ? Or did they think it worth while making that sacrifice, in order to propitiate posterity, fearing that to express themselves in prose fiction would be to limit their chances of survival ? The point is this ; that whatever the chances may be for survival, the poet *must*, sooner or later, seek a form of self-expression that is sustained, and which reflects and contains the results of his social experience. And he knows to-day, that if he tries to find that expression in narrative verse, or in verse-drama, he is committing himself to archaism, he is assuming fancy-dress, just as surely as Edmund Spenser was when he wrote the *Shepherds' Calendar*.

An initial discouragement of this sort is fatal. Self-consciousness, and a sense of futility in one's medium—these are the two worst enemies of the creative mood. They are the cause of much of the confusion and eccentricity shown by poets to-day, even in short, lyrical work. A poet cannot fully release his genius until he feels that he is expressing himself through a medium which is likely to be understood and accepted by the audience at which he is aiming. That is only natural. For a poet, being an artist, knows that his first consideration must be economy ; economy of mood, of statement.

The most directly economical thing a poet can do is to seize upon a medium which he knows is good currency among his contemporaries. That is why he turns to the novel. He sees this is the modern form of the epic poem ; a vast shape, capable of driving him to the fullest stretch of his intellectual muscles. He sees that he will have to put into it all the discipline that he

has learned by the practice of verse. He sees that he will have to bring to it all that he has learned from life, and all the great surmises, all the possibilities of order and organization, which are now looming so large in his consciousness, the consciousness of a maturing man.

And what does he find? To begin with, he finds that he has entered a world which has never heard of him. He may be a well-known poet, with a secure reputation built up by many years of excellent work. Critics will know him, and the small public interested in literature *as* literature will value him. He will get his lyrics printed in the intellectual weeklies and monthlies; and his publisher will not be unduly depressed when he brings along, from time to time, a new collection of verse. But it has come to this—the poet has decided to write a novel! He pretends that it is because he wants money, and he puts on the pose of being hard-boiled, slightly cynical, reluctantly driven to this course by a philistinish world.

But in his heart he knows this is nonsense. He knows that really he is afraid. And he is afraid of two things. First, he is afraid of the new medium; the “capital difficulty of prose” as old Quiller-Couch calls it, and of the enormous capacity of the novel-form. He feels as I imagine a young architect must feel, who has decided to enter for a competition to submit designs for the building of a great cathedral. To the poet, approaching the problem in his pride of past achievement, the novel is a cathedral.

We have to be sympathetic toward the poet at this nervous stage in his career. In a properly ordered world, he ought not to be faced with this problem. He ought to be able to proceed smoothly, in an unimpeded course of psychological growth, from lyric to epic form, carrying his reputation from achievement in the one to achievement in the other. But the world is not properly ordered. One consequence of that universally applicable fact is that when the poet begins as a novelist, he addresses himself to a public that has never heard of him. What is more he addresses himself to a trade—I refer to the booksellers—that has never heard of him.

He has come up against something for which he was perhaps quite unprepared. There is always a streak of social innocence



in the poet's nature. It is probable that when he wrote his first novel, and put into it all the verbal austerity, all the crystallization of form, which he had learned during many years' practice of verse-making, he believed that this artistic consciousness would be at once recognised, appreciated, and commended.

He has now learned that the majority of the great fiction-reading public is totally indifferent to his technique, his scrupulous use of words, his passion for cadence in the prose paragraph. And when I say *indifferent*, I am putting it mildly. I ought rather to say, *antagonistic, suspicious*. You know that Robert Louis Stevenson was thirty-five years of age before he had any success with his novels. One reason is that his writing was verbally conscious. He used words with exquisite care. He was almost a verbal dandy. And the public think that is showing off. They call it highbrow.

And that is what the poet has to do now that he has commenced novelist. He has to learn that his deliberate art is not only unnoticed, it is unwanted. So long as he displays his craft learned as a poet, the cunning manipulation of vowel and consonant, the harmonies, the pauses; the etymological niceties that imply all the historical values of the words he uses; so long as he makes a show of that in his prose, the public will suspect him, and will refuse to read him.

Does he have to give up the mechanics of his art? Does he have to betray himself, and prostitute his skill? Certainly not. He has to become even more skilful. He has now to learn that last and most difficult lesson of the professional writer. He has to learn to conceal his art. Some great novelists have never learned that. Henry James and Conrad, for example. That is why, for all their fame amongst discriminating people, and their adulation from other writers, they have never become universal in their appeal. The translators of the Bible, and Tolstoi, Balzac, John Bunyan, Charles Dickens, all these were writers who concealed their art: perhaps because their attention was on other things, things extraneous to the form in which they were expressed. Whatever the cause, those writers, and many smaller writers like them, concealed their art. And the result was an immediate relationship with the general

public, the public totally indifferent and even inimical to literary perfection.

The poet has to learn that. It is the first step in a new humility. I said that many novelists are concerned with extraneous matters. That is important, for it advances another factor of obscurity in the relationship between the poet and the public. Hitherto he has been very much concerned with *how* he says a thing : more concerned about that, perhaps, than with *what* he says. It is a privilege of youth, and a privilege of lyricism.

But a new responsibility has come with the maturing mind. The poet is undertaking social enquiry in his work. He is no longer writing about himself. As I have already said, he is now undertaking to write not so much, as Milton said, "To justify the ways of God to men", as to justify the ways of *men* to men, and particularly of "man's *inhumanity* to man". He has to become practical. Which is to say that he has to become a statesman, able to foresee the follies of mankind and of individuals, and to explain them in terms of wisdom and forbearance.

It is a task for the mature mind, and it brings new dangers and difficulties. One of the chief of these dangers is what I should call 'losing sight of the wood in the trees'. Or you might prefer to call it getting swamped by detail. And that is what has happened to the novel. Not only has it been attacked from below, as I have already shown. It has also been attacked from above.

Here, then, are the two impingements, from above and from below, which magnify the activities of the book-world. Last year some 5,000 novels were published in this country. It is a formidable number. Editors, reviewers, librarians, and the reading public, they all wilt under the oppression. *Number* is one of the greatest satirists of mankind. You see a pair of lovers walking through a wood, and you have seen something which can inspire the poets and musicians of the world. But if that unit is multiplied, if you see five hundred pairs of lovers walking through the wood, you see something which is a disgusting nightmare, something which can inspire nobody except perhaps one of our latterday dictators.

Unfortunately, the poet is bad at pushing. He lacks the effrontery. His skin is too thin, and his pride is too great. The sensibility which makes him a poet also makes him a bad thruster. He has been spoiled too, by living in a little world comparatively civilized, a world preoccupied with niceties of human impulse and of literary technique.

We want to consider now the poet who survives all this, the poet with sufficient dynamic to *command* an audience. We can assume that he has fought his way, and will continue to fight his way, through the crowd of irrelevant rivals, the people who have no instinct for art, and are therefore no rivals at all, but merely a noisy obstruction.

Well, now we see him emerged. He has cleared a space for himself. And what comes next? The *real* fight comes next. And it is the same fight which he had at first, when he was striving for lyrical expression in verse. It is the authentic battle which all artists wage all their lives, the battle with technique.

And now I must ask your indulgence. For I am struggling to bring to light a something which is intangible. I am struggling to find a definition for *Form in Art*. It is a matter over which there has been argument and warfare between critics and philosophers since the days of Aristotle. One man's form is another man's anarchy. To-day, for example, we recognize the form in Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, and in Thomas Hardy's *Jude the Obscure*. But when those books were published, quite intelligent critics foamed at the mouth at having to deal with such chaotic and obscene drivel. Yes, conceptions of form alter not only as between individuals, but also with the passage of time and the changes in æsthetic fashion.

The trouble is, moreover, that this matter is an essential one, upon which the critic must found his final judgment of a writer's work. Form is the direct expression of a writer's character, as it is shaped by his experience. It is the direct index of his maturity. According to its command in a work of art, so are we able to judge how adequately has the author learned to command the realities of history, the proportions both of his own experience and of the larger experiences of humanity, brought to him through the proxy of his imagination.



It is this experience, this maturing of mind, which urges the poet to seek a medium of expression wherewith he can lay out what he has acquired. I have already shown why he is forced to turn to the novel for this. Yes, the novel is now his adequate vehicle. And you have to remember this, that no artist is himself, is capable of full and free expression and achievement, if he is constrained to a vehicle either that he has outgrown, or that he is not yet in control of. Without that fitness between the workman and his material, perfect achievement, the great work of art, cannot result. And what is this greatness?

We will first find it in a little thing, and to do so I will quote a passage from an essay by the poet Lascelles Abercrombie. This is what he says. "Though we may agree that greatness in poetry strictly belongs to form, we must make out more exactly what it means. In any noticeable moment of poetry, we see that there is a certain set of words responsible for it. But when, at the end of a poem, we receive its final impression as a whole, there is no set of words that is directly responsible for that. It certainly comes to us as the result of *all* the words in the poem, but not *directly*. It is the organized accumulation of the whole series of momentary impressions: the impression made by all the other impressions united together. Often enough the series of impressions is so short, and accumulates into a self-sufficient whole so rapidly and simply, that the process is not noticed at all. The whole poem seems to form a single moment, and may legitimately be so described; and we seem to take its completed impression directly from the words. Here is a poem of Allingham's which is perhaps as simple an instance of the art of poetry as we could have:

Four ducks on a pond,  
 A grass bank beyond,  
 A blue sky of Spring,  
 White clouds on the wing:  
 What a little thing  
 To remember for years—  
 To remember with tears.

I have chosen the passage because of its clarity and also because the poem exemplifying it is one of the most direct and simple in the English language. You all know the poem. Now

I want to ask you to consider its form, the growth of memory from a picture, the transmutation of memory to a state of emotional poignancy that reacts upon the picture, and so the completion of a circle of evocatory beauty. Note that process in miniature. Now compare it to the process involved in the building of two of the longest prose fictions written during this century. I refer to Proust's prose-epic so brilliantly translated by Scott-Moncrieff, and to Dorothy Richardson's twelve volume life-work which has been appearing during the last twenty-five years under the title of "Pilgrimage".

Now comes the revealing discovery. Those two prose works, each filling a structure demanding hundreds of thousands of words, are based upon the same form as that poem of seven lines.

If that is so, you might ask me what need the poet has to depart from the lyrical mood? If the same form can be found in a seven line poem as in a twelve volume prose fiction, what is all this argument about? The answer is a complicated one. It takes us back to our earlier consideration of Number; and to the contrast of the fruits of intuition with the fruits of experience. I will say that the poet has the same need to leave the lyric for the prose fiction, as the seed has to burst its husk, to throw up a shoot, to exfoliate and flower and seed again. The whole process, a shapely and, I would emphasize, a *formal* one, is inherent in that seed, that counterpart of the lyric.

And why must the poet burst out from that first conciseness? For this reason. You will have noted that the form of Allingham's poem is described by Lascelles Abercrombie as "the organized accumulation of the whole series of *momentary* impressions". He gives further point to that word *momentary* by saying "often enough the series of impressions is so short, and accumulates into a self-sufficient whole so rapidly and simply, that the process is not noticed at all".

Now that touches the heart of the matter. It explains why, as I said earlier in this article, the poet comes to a time when he feels that direct lyrical expression is too external a process, too much a fleeting thing of chance, coming and going so swiftly that it cannot be seized, or counted upon to return, or examined and sealed with the stamp of his own personality.

Now I referred once more to the strange alchemy of Number. The point is this : that the accumulation of lyrical, of momentary impressions, comes to more than the sum of those impressions. We do not live by arithmetic ; we live by a bio-chemical process, and by something even more irrational than that. Things stored in our minds acquire properties and values which they did not possess when we first put them into stock. It is the same with wine. Wine changes in the cellar. Some of it becomes food for the gods ; some of it becomes vinegar. So the poet never knows quite what he is worth. It is an uneasy condition to be in. It makes a man feel dishonest. He must strive to get his vintage of experiences organized.

I won't follow up this pretty little simile too far. It has served to illustrate the vitality of *momentary* impressions, and how that in their vitality they continue to fecundate. From *momentary* impressions they develop into *reflective* impressions, and thence into ideas, or *significant* impressions. And at this point they are very powerful little atoms, bombinating about within the original confines of their lyrical origins, and finally demanding a larger expression that shall be able to convey not only their first spontaneity, but also their subsequent significance. What was lyrical, in short, must now also be philosophical.

That is what Aristotle meant when he said that Poetry is the most philosophic of all writing. He took a larger and more complete view of the poet's function than Plato did. You remember that Plato would exclude the poet from his ideal commonwealth, as a disruptive element in society. But that view is limited to the early, the rebellious, the lyrical phase of the poet's development.

Aristotle saw that the poet grows, putting his lyrical insight to the service of the community. That is to say, he becomes socially conscious, interested in dramatic values, epic values. It is in this phase of his growth that he turns to the novel. Let us look at him at this moment as Wordsworth sees him. Wordsworth's opinion is valuable, because he was a great poet, a poet in the same kind as Dante ; but he suffered from the difficulty which it is the whole purpose of my lecture to examine. He could not find a medium consonant with his mature spirit. In his ripe years, he wrote *The Excursion*. Now *The Excursion*



has been cursed and pulled to pieces. Nobody has ever noted that it is rich with the materials from which the greatest novels are made : the swift delineation of character ; a penetrating psychological insight ; a passionate evocation of scene and situation. But let us hear Wordsworth's definition of the poet. " He is a man speaking to men ; a man, it is true, endowed with more lively sensibility, more enthusiasm and tenderness, who has a greater knowledge of human nature, and a more comprehensive soul, than are supposed to be common among mankind ; a man pleased with his own passions and volitions, and who rejoices more than other men in the spirit of life that is in him, delighting to contemplate similar volitions and passions as manifested in the goings-on of the Universe, and habitually impelled to create them where he does not find them ". That is a comprehensive picture of the poet in his maturity. Wordsworth goes on to say, " What then *does* the poet ? He considers man and the objects that surround him as acting and re-acting upon each other, so as to produce an infinite complexity of pain and pleasure, he considers man in his own nature and in his ordinary life as contemplating this with a certain quantity of immediate knowledge, with certain convictions, intuitions, and deductions which from habit acquire the quality of intuitions, he considers him as looking upon this complex scene of ideas and sensations, and finding everywhere objects that immediately excite in him sympathies which, from the necessities of his nature, are accompanied by an over-balance of enjoyment ".

That is a great and a mature poet, describing the function of a mature poet. And isn't that function at once recognisable, as the function of a novelist ? If we examine, for example, the process of composition of two of the most perfectly made novels written in English during the last century, we shall find that in every respect, both in the comedic vision of Meredith's *The Egoist*, and in the tragic version of Hardy's *The Woodlanders*, this function of the poet, as laid down by Wordsworth, is carried out to the full.

I have spoken about Hardy's lovely novel *The Woodlanders*. It is a green book, a sylvan book. Its poignant story, of love and renunciation, is worked out in an atmosphere of cool shades and mossy recesses. It is a book about shyness and the penalties

which shy people, shy animals, shy flowers, have to pay in a world which evolves by savagery and blood-lust. That is the central idea of this book. For all great works of art have a central mood or idea. The indecisions of Grace Fitzspiers, by reason of her temperament and her social predicament ; and the indecisions of Giles Winterbourne, by reason of his timid and gentle character ; these bring about the climax and the exquisite tragedy of the tale.

And now listen to the same drama in a nutshell. It is contained in a short lyric written by Hardy, probably at a distance of many years from the period when he wrote the novel. But it is the same mood, the same story, and you will notice, finally, that it has *the same form*.

“ I say, ‘ I’ll seek her side  
 Ere hindrance interposes ’,  
 But eve in midnight closes,  
 And here I still abide.  
 When darkness wears I see  
 Her sad eyes in a vision,  
 They ask, ‘ What indecision  
 Detains you, Love, from me ?—  
 ‘ The creaking Hinge is oiled,  
 I have unbarred the backway,  
 But you tread not the trackway ;  
 And shall the thing be spoiled ?  
 ‘ Far cockerows echo shrill,  
 The shadows are abating,  
 And I am waiting, waiting ;  
 But O, you tarry still ! ”

# TOWN PLANNING AS A MODERN SCIENCE

BY C. B. PURDOM

IT would be true, I think, to say that we owe the general acceptance nowadays of planning in economic matters, at least partly to propaganda in connection with town-planning, which has existed in this country for nearly fifty years. Sweden and Germany had had town-planning legislation and trained town-planners on their government staffs a generation before the term was known in England. Yet when the example of Germany was brought before the British public ready to be convinced of German technical excellence, what was thought of as town-planning was something incidental either to land reform or housing reform, and so it has remained until comparatively recently. Town-planning was understood as a rather ambitious form of municipal housing; and it is only lately that even municipal councillors have realized that it is something else.

Town-planning was officially instituted in this country when Mr. John Burns, as president of the Local Government Board, got the Town Planning Act, 1909, through Parliament. This was an Act intended to enable local authorities to control the development of land adjacent to their built-up areas: it should more correctly have been called a "Suburban Planning Act". The passing of the Act was highly lauded, but very little was done under it, partly because its provisions were not understood, and partly because its procedure was both slow and costly. In ten years only 100 local authorities even got so far as to pass resolutions to prepare schemes (for a total of about 300,000 acres) and very few of these schemes (about half-a-dozen) reached the stage of completion, so that in 1919 a new amending Act was passed under the impetus of the "Homes for Heroes" campaign,

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*This contribution has significance in connection with the National Housing and Town Planning Conference to be held at Harrogate from November 25th to 28th, which will be attended by representatives from most of the local authorities in the country and will consider matters of importance in town-planning legislation and administration in England, Scotland and Wales.*



when town-planning was actually made compulsory upon all urban areas with populations of 20,000 and upwards. Legal town planning, as we now know it, waited until the Labour Party was reluctantly induced to be responsible for an ambitious Town and Country Planning Bill, which Mr. Arthur Greenwood introduced in 1931, leaving to his successor in the National Government, Sir Edward Hilton Young, to get it through Parliament as the Town and Country Planning Act, 1932.

Under the provisions of this Act 1134 local authorities had at 31 December, 1937, embarked upon schemes covering about 24 million acres of land, though only 237,500 acres are included in schemes completed through all their stages. The Town and Country Planning Act is intended

“ to control and guide the development of land when it occurs by laying down a broad outline to which that development should conform and to preserve existing features of value ”.

It enables local authorities, subject to local enquiry and to the consent of the Ministry of Health, to do the following : prescribe the routes of new roads and widenings of roads, regulate the space around buildings and the density and external appearance of buildings, define building lines, reserve land for open spaces, aerodromes, and places of worship, preserve trees and woods and control the erection and use of advertisement hoardings. The Act can be applied to any land, urban or rural, built on or not, with a view to controlling its development and perfecting its amenities and to preserving buildings or other objects of architectural, historical or artistic interest. There are other incidental powers including the power to purchase land for the purpose of a scheme either by agreement or compulsorily.

The local authority can act by itself or jointly with other local authorities. Compensation is payable to land owners if their interests are damaged by a scheme ; betterment can be claimed from them if the execution of a scheme benefits them. The Act is a permissive one, and the local authority proceeds by passing a resolution to prepare a scheme for a defined area, which, when approved by the Minister of Health, comes into force, so that development can only then take place with the consent of the authority. The local authority is then required to prepare its scheme, after consulting interested parties, submit it to the

Minister of Health, who, after public enquiry, can vary or approve the scheme, which, when finally approved, is laid forthwith before both Houses of Parliament, and, if no objection is taken within twenty-one days, comes into operation and has the force of law.

A town-planning scheme is therefore essentially a legal enactment. The reason that so many schemes take long to prepare is that it is uncertain what they should contain, and because of the expense and trouble of altering them when once made. Every effort is made, therefore, to draw up schemes in as indefinite a manner as possible.

Under the Act it is, theoretically, possible to replan an existing town, but the practical difficulties of reconciling the interests of different owners are such that this cannot actually be done: for example, there is no means of pooling ownerships so that a comprehensive scheme can be prepared. It is also theoretically possible to plan new towns—which has been attempted in some regional schemes—but as the initiative in executing the work lies with the landowners, the schemes, even when prepared, do not get beyond the paper stage. What actually happens in practice is that large areas are left “undetermined”, while other large areas are “zoned” for industry, or for houses, 2, 4, 6, 8 or 10 to the acre, though there may be no prospect whatever of development and no services may be available. A plan of the country showing the effect of town planning proposals would be an astonishing document; among other things it would probably show that a population two or three times the size of the existing population is proposed to be provided for!

What is the science of town-planning? Town-planning is more properly to be regarded as an art than a science; but like all arts it needs a basis of science or it cannot be relied upon. An art is to make; and town-planning is the art of making towns. What is the science? I confess that it is difficult to answer the question. There seems little evidence that the science of town-planning has ever been studied. Certain factors in town development have received attention such as transport, land values, finance, public health, and even location, including the archeology of ancient towns; social conditions have for

long been a subject of special study by reformers ; but there has never been attempted any synthesis of all these separate studies, which alone could constitute the elements of a science of town-planning. Such a large matter as the function of the town in our modern civilization or such a particular question as the proper size of a town for any function has never been considered at all.

The fact has to be recorded that the town-planning which is carried out in this country, as in other countries of the world, is a purely empirical activity influenced by few or no considerations of a scientific character. Indeed there is a definite refusal by public authorities to take into account anything but immediate requirements. The London Passenger Transport Board, for instance, attends to nothing but transport, and when we read its reports we discover that it considers that London should be planned to make transport as economically easy and as profitable to itself as possible, declining to look at anything else. The London County Council observes nothing but its immediate duties among which is housing and therefore can contemplate with equanimity the building upon open spaces, as it did at Hackney Marshes. The Air Ministry was stopped only at the last moment and by a great outcry from creating a new industrial area at White Waltham in the Thames Valley, when it was found that there was no need to choose that site at all. Not long ago the Air Ministry appointed Professor Patrick Abercrombie, who is perhaps the most accomplished town-planner in the country (an artist, however, not a man of science), to act as adviser in connection with the acquisition of sites for R.A.F. purposes. Here was a step in the right direction, but it is not what is required ; for what the Air Ministry has done is to forestall criticism by having on its side one who might otherwise be one of its most formidable opponents. This is a proper use of an expert, but it does not really safeguard the public interest or help to put planning on a scientific basis.

It is, therefore, under such circumstances, only to be expected that the practice of town-planning should be confusing and uncertain. There is an impression created by interested people that a great deal is being done ; money is spent by local authorities and the central government ; committees meet from



time to time; reports are published; there is considerable bureaucratic activity; and everywhere there are to be found technicians who call themselves town-planners and who draw salaries or fees for their services. But on the whole, the net result of all this effort is simply to place throughout the country a more or less definite handicap upon the development of land. If an owner wants to develop his land he has to consult officials and sometimes has to spend a great deal of time in getting permission to do what he wants to do, but, although difficulties have been multiplied, it is generally true to say that if he be persistent he can do what he would have done, had there been no town-planning at all. More attention is paid to the planning of new roads and to drainage schemes than was previously done, and here and there a piece of land may be preserved, but the changes are almost negligible. A complicated piece of legal machinery has been set up affecting land, otherwise an owner can do what he pleases and has no need to consider any other interests than his own. He can throw his land to the speculative builder, he can ruin a beauty spot, he need not take account of any other question than his own pleasure or profit. It is usually only in matters which do not seriously affect his proposals but may even make them more practicable for him, that town planning has any voice whatever.

I think it would be generally agreed by candid observers of the state of official town-planning to-day that it is a failure. There is no guidance from the Central Authority, which leans always in the direction of protecting the private owner and seems to have no other sense of responsibility than the duty to compromise; and in few other spheres of technical activity are so many high-sounding words and eloquent phrases used to disguise the absence of thought and sound technical principles. Failure is indeed written all over the town-planning of our country, for if the central authority has no guiding principles, except what it is evolving out of its own timid decisions, and if local planning is little more than a cumbersome method of discussing with the owner what perhaps may be done with his land, regional planning is a farce, which reached its extreme of absurdity in the London Regional Planning Committee, set up blandly with instructions to do nothing.

It is obvious that this state of affairs cannot continue. Everyone knows of estates broken up for building that should have been preserved, or that should have been developed in some other way than the speculators, who ultimately in practically every instance get control, choose to do, or of land taken by the military authorities or other government departments for their own purposes without any regard for considerations beyond those immediately before them, or of new arterial roads made in obliviousness of other planning factors, or of industrial location that is purely haphazard, or of valuable agricultural land that is put to some less socially profitable use. In nothing so much as in the development of land is the line of least resistance so invariably followed.

One has only to look at what has taken place in the London region since the War to see the ill effects of disorderly development of residential districts, housing estates and factory areas, which town planning has been powerless to prevent. The London County Council began large-scale irrational post-War building with the Dagenham estate, and the transport authorities powerless to aid the Council in the east of London, proceeded on their own reasonless way on the north, south, and west, operating under public powers to put millions of money into the pockets of speculators and helping to spoil vast areas, of which the L.C.C. is now proceeding to save the remnants, at vast public expense, with its so-called Green Belt. And everywhere the land jobber and the builder were rampant. The absence of planning in the London region is one of the most lamentable events in our recent social history, wilfully persisted in and callously allowed to continue, often by those most loud in their advocacy of town-planning. A study of the utterances of politicians and politico-technical experts on the subject of town-planning, compared with their actions, would lead one to suppose that the town-planning about which they have waxed so eloquent had reference to celestial cities having no connection with the earth.

If London shows what results from the refusal to co-ordinate town planning and to establish any real authority, Birmingham is an example of what happens when a city area is developed subject to the authority of town-planning schemes, prepared

and carried out well in advance, which have actually furthered land speculation and have encouraged the growth of the city in directions that are bound to increase municipal difficulties and are unmistakeably destroying the form and character of the city and making the problem of its future almost insoluble

In the Special Areas large sums are now being poured out in an entirely uneconomic manner to establish new industrial trading estates the sites of which have been selected and the planning of which has been done without any other considerations than those of making an immediate show of doing something in those areas. What an opportunity has been missed of providing examples of real modern re-planning in these semi-derelict districts! It has been lost because what could be done is not known: the knowledge is simply not available, and even the need for it is not recognized. I ventured to propose to the former Special Commissioner a scheme of co-ordinated new development in these areas long before the trading estates' policy was adopted, but the proposal was no more than politely acknowledged.

Finally the condition of the roads of the country is proof of the inability of those concerned to meet the needs of the time. Our road system was out of date a generation ago; to-day it is an anomaly the maintenance of which costs as much in killed and wounded as a war. The present half-hearted methods of making scraps of arterial roads, by-passes and widenings only play with the solution of a problem which calls for nothing less than a re-designing of the national road system and a replanning of local roads in conjunction with it. Why is nothing done? Perhaps because innumerable vested interests stand in the way, or perhaps because we refuse to be reasonable. It is a comment on the low official regard for town planning that when the most far-reaching planning legislation affecting roads was introduced into Parliament, it was presented by the Minister of Transport whose Act is called the Restriction of Ribbon Development Act.

Although it is easy to point out the absurdity of the present situation, it is not so easy to know where a remedy is to be found. It is certain that the general interest does not benefit from the present operations of private speculation in the



development of land. Yet is it possible to be certain that the public interest would be served if private speculation were replaced by complete public control? In the absence of any recognized science of town-planning an answer cannot be given with confidence. The examples I have mentioned indicate that public authorities show an appalling indifference to the ultimate influence of their schemes of land development upon the localities which they chose for their operations. Yet I think there is a growing number of people conscious of the evils of the present time who would be glad to see an end of private speculation in land. The public interest suffers so severely that anything would be better than to let this exploitation continue. Indeed, although I find little ground for confidence in those responsible for town-planning in this country, I believe that, if they were freed from the influence of private speculation, and from the obligation to serve it, they would be forced into a more serious realization of their responsibilities and of the need to find a science to guide them in the discharge of their duties. At present those who act officially in the function of town-planning have mainly negative duties; they say "No" to the developer, who will then go over their heads to the Central Authority which will say "Yes" if it can; otherwise, except that he may have to accept a road lay-out, he does what he likes. Technical advisers are really little more than the servants of private interests. There is practically no positive town-planning, and the reports that are published by regional committees at so much expense are, and are intended to be, mere paper schemes. If, however, the initiative of private speculation were removed in the control of land development, those who became responsible for the land would have to accept positive duties and prepare schemes that had reality. Then, perhaps, the art of town-planning would no longer falter, because a science would have to be discovered.

At present, it is true to say that the *science* of town-planning does not exist even in an elementary form. The only scientific mind that has been devoted to the subject is that of the late Sir Patrick Geddes, and his books and reports are all out of print.

It is easy to recognize town-planning as an element in economic

planning ; but it also includes cultural and social factors not of an economic character, and even such matters as national defence, which are neither social nor economic. The reconciliation of all these factors is required in a true science of town-planning. In its primary sense, town-planning is a local matter, it belongs to the community, it is concerned with the physical form required by the community, so that it may function in all its parts. But because each community has relations with other communities, through transport and interchange of population, and because a group of communities in a region have relations with other regions, the influence of national factors arises, and we are inevitably drawn, when considering town-planning, to the necessity of a national plan. There have been many advocates of national planning for all sorts of purposes ; but a national plan in the sense in which I refer to it here means a plan in which the principles of national economic and social structure are set down in a form which will provide guidance for communities in their local physical planning.

I am not in favour of a national physical plan except in very general outlines. Certainly there must be surveys and records, the most accurate and complete information must be available as to geographical, geological, historical, ethnic, social and economic facts—all the material, though much more complete and thorough, at present comprised in regional surveys—but these do not constitute a plan. I consider that the aim of national planning should be to get together this information in the most accessible form, and with its aid and under the impetus of faith in national destiny—for there must be something immaterial in every human effort—to bring into the service of the country the science of town-planning, so that the art may be practised locally. Science is ordered knowledge on which general principles may be formulated, and is international and abstract ; art is the act of making, which is local, personal and concrete. Town-planning should not be thought of as a mere detail in national planning as is usually suggested, but as the end for which national planning exists. I would give greater power to local authorities and not make them subject to a central bureaucracy ; but that necessarily involves the recognition of the science for which I am pleading. The

central authority should stand for the science ; the local authority for the art.

Thus we have an alternative to the totalitarian State, in which a single will is supreme, and also to anarchy in which everyone does what he pleases. Those who see the fruits of disorder in our present democracy often cry out for a dictator. The planners remind us that Herr Hitler is replanning Berlin, for he wants it to be worthy of the new Germany, and he can do it. How many times have people called for a dictator for London who will make our great city what it should be! There is, however, a better way : the way of science which is law, and art which is freedom. The alternative is local independence and freedom within an ordered but not fixed national framework, and I am optimist enough to believe that we could devise it.

Town-planning brings us into relation with all the other sciences and directly in contact with all the other arts. That is why the architect, quite wrongly I think, for he lacks the essential equipment, has hitherto considered himself a better exponent of town-planning than the engineer or the sculptor or the economist. The town-planner is really the organizer or synthesizer of the social arts. Town-planning belongs to the sciences of culture and can exist only when the meaning of culture is recognized. In our English sense culture means the all-round development of the individual—the increase of individuality—and town-planning, which is the art of individuality in towns, as it is the science of the structure of towns, depends upon the recognition of culture.

That is why the often despised garden city idea is so important. There has never been an idea so misrepresented and misunderstood as this original conception, which is to be regarded as one of the greatest contributions to our modern civilization. The garden city idea is that a town should be of such a size and in such a location and with such a form that it provides for the good life. It is not merely an idea but a practicable means of realizing it, for the economic basis of it is the control of land values. There have been two examples of garden cities, the towns of Letchworth started in 1903, and Welwyn Garden City started in 1920. Both are the products of private enterprise and both have proved (1) that the idea is intrinsically sound and



practicable, and (2) that private enterprise is not the means of carrying it out. Letchworth is less than half-finished after 35 years, but it has established a sound financial position ; Welwyn is almost as large after eighteen years, but it has suffered severe financial losses (which, however, will probably be recovered). They are both, in some measure, examples of functional towns, of importance as original experiments. Architecturally and from a strictly town-planning point of view, Letchworth is poor, Welwyn is better, but far from satisfactory. The difficulties of both towns have been due to the conditions of private enterprise under which they were started, including inadequate financial resources. Letchworth has maintained itself as restricted private enterprise, being content to sacrifice everything else to safety ; Welwyn has converted itself into an ordinary commercial enterprise sacrificing its original public character in the effort to preserve itself.

Both of these schemes are to be regarded as experimental efforts, the fruits of private initiative, intended to show what forms towns should take in our modern civilization. It is on the principles, which they have established, of limited size and functional design, that future town developments should proceed. They are more significant in providing material for the science of town-planning than anything done in modern times, including all other town-planning put together.

Had the London region been developed after the War according to the garden city principle, there would have been established a hundred new satellite towns in the Home Counties, each compactly built, planned for definite functional purposes, in which natural features would have been preserved, making a contribution to national wealth as well as to decency and beauty surpassing anything hitherto attempted in history. Had that been done, London would not present the picture that it does to-day under the free play of economic conditions with consequent economic and social losses. There would have been ample open spaces and playing-fields (which to-day there are not), there would have been more agricultural land, more convenient transport, cheaper houses, a more economical and efficient development of industrial areas, and nothing like the burden upon public finances that exists to-day. The Royal Commission

on the Geographical Distribution of the Industrial Population, now sitting, has been set up a generation too late. The damage has been done, and we are now looking to a declining population to ease our difficulties, as some of those who have given evidence to that Commission appear to do. It is not, however, too late to create the science of town-planning, for buildings do not last for ever, and our towns can be replanned. I have the hope that the report of this Commission when it is made will show how urgent is the need for that science.

The enemies of town-planning are those who contend that towns are natural growths. Of course, all growth is natural that is not consciously directed, and in the absence of conscious direction towns have been subject to instinctive growth as though they were trees. But no one who recognizes science as the task of man, and man as a self-directing being, will acknowledge towns to be anything but the products of human effort. Therefore, there must be a science, and therefore man must accept the responsibility of his creations. Nature works by evolution, man by creation. Towns are as artificial as motor cars and could be made as efficient. Also they can, and in the future (as in the past) will, be scrapped. London, Birmingham, Manchester and other great urban centres will, we can be sure, at some time be pulled down, redesigned and rebuilt, either deliberately or as the result of war. I believe myself that to rebuild London as a twentieth-century group of cities would be the greatest contribution to peace that could possibly be made. It would make war unnecessary. It would help to create the new civilization which the world must have, and for the sake of which the war which the whole world fears, and from which we have just escaped, may still come.

## EBB AND FLOW

BY STEPHEN GWYNN

**S***ECURUS judicat orbis terrarum.* There is no use in disputing a judgment of mankind, and the nations have risen up and called Mr. Chamberlain blessed. It is true that we must except the Czechs from this general chorus, and

**England's Initiative** Russia does not join in. But the French do, and that is important; for Mr. Chamberlain encouraged France to accept a singularly undignified position. If it was necessary to surrender to threats in the interest of peace, at least Mr. Chamberlain secured for England the credit of the initiative, in which France acquiesced. Yet it is fairer to say that, having determined to secure peace almost at any price, he took on himself the full responsibility for this policy; he left no loophole for mis-carriage through the failure of an intermediary; what could be done by discussion he did himself, without regard for traditional etiquette—indeed, with a magnificent contempt for red tape. Applause and encouragement while the action was in progress came from significant quarters. The South African Dutch have no historical sympathy for England, nor have the Catholic Irish; and in South Africa and in Ireland few English names have been more detested within living memory than that of Chamberlain. Yet General Smuts and Mr. de Valera were foremost in their praise of the Prime Minister; and Mr. de Valera spoke not only as an Irish leader but as acting President of the League of Nations.

It may be that Mr. Chamberlain saved all that could be saved for Czechoslovakia. There was an inherent weakness in the position. The Czechs had been established as the ruling power in a State which comprised peoples of several languages and races. They had not succeeded within a space of less than twenty years in making

**Czechs and Poles**



these minorities wholly contented citizens. That is not surprising. The French are the only people in Europe who have been able to take over alien territory and win loyal allegiance—whether in Savoy or in Alsace-Lorraine. But in addition to what was done at Versailles, the Czechs had of their own motion grasped at a valuable district settled almost entirely by Poles, and had made good their grasp when Poland was only emerging from its fight for life against Bolshevik Russia. Masaryk was a wise man but this was done when Masaryk was there.

“ If that be so, it was a grievous fault  
And grievously the Czechs have answered it ”.

Poland's seizure of the chance to cut another slice off France's ally was therefore natural though not nice ; it will have made bad blood between France and Poland ; and that is not the smallest part in Herr Hitler's diplomatic triumph.

But it is not the part on which the Press of the *Führer* insists. Germany is told that Herr Hitler has brought three and a half million more Germans into the Reich without a shot fired ; and has also won the friendship of England. The extraordinary part about it is that he does appear to have won the friendship of Mr. Neville Chamberlain. Throughout the whole business, as it was recorded in the broadcasts, one could not but feel a friendliness in the tone of Mr. Chamberlain's allusions to his antagonist in the duel of wills. At the same time the wireless gave us Herr Hitler's own speech and the animal roarings which he skilfully elicited from his audience. Germany was gorged to vomiting with lies about the Czech atrocities. Mr. Chamberlain is a philosopher and would know that lying is an invariable accompaniment of war-time propaganda, so that he may have felt no occasion to resent it. He did think it, in his own phrase, “ unreasonable ”, that the Germans should claim to annex the very cattle in the fields of the territory that they claimed, and we have to admit that on this point he appears to have prevailed. But beyond yea or nay, after all these manifestations he came back from Munich after an interview of his own seeking in which he appeared to Germany to have stretched out the hand of

friendship. France must have regarded that gesture, and the signed document, with much heart-searching.

Is it possible for England to be on equal terms of friendship with France and with Germany? There are many Englishmen and English women, especially in the well-to-do classes, who hold the opinion that this is possible—and I think Mr. Chamberlain inclines to it. There are indeed many who say they feel an instinctive sympathy with the Germans which does not draw them to the French.

Yet on the day after Mr. Chamberlain came back waving triumphantly the document with the two signatures expressing desire for friendship, it was announced that the degrees of four thousand Jewish doctors in Austria had been cancelled. All these were denied the right to practise the profession in which they had qualified; and though the announcement did not dwell on this further fact, none of them may take his property out of German Austria. Some of Germany's sympathizers will say that we are much indebted to Herr Hitler for checking a flood of Jewish competition in this country; but a larger number, even among the well-to-do, will be revolted by this complication of injustices. All the civilized peoples are at their wits' end to know how to mitigate the result of such iniquities as result from Herr Hitler's "ideology"—which we are to learn to tolerate.

The immediate question, however, is, what can be done about Czechoslovakia. England and France pressed the Czechs, under threat of France's complete desertion of her ally, to submit for the sake of Europe. In return for the Czechs' consent, they guaranteed the integrity of Czechoslovakia, after the German territory had been taken away. Within twenty-four hours, that integrity was successfully broken up by Poland; France and England did nothing, and could do nothing. There is still the Hungarian claim, though the assertion of that is somewhat held in restraint by Rumania and Yugoslavia, for their own reasons; and consequently that matter is being dealt with on more or less civilized lines. Of the three minority elements concerned, the Hungarians have a stronger claim in justice than either the Germans or the Poles, and none of us need be sorry to see redress here. But the German question is not yet settled. What is going to happen

if the German element on the International Commission insists on dictating conditions which the Czech element will not accept? Is the last word to be left to Germany—whose idea of justice has been so singularly illustrated? Mr. Chamberlain probably hopes that Germany's desire for English friendship—which nobody doubts—will keep the German demands within reasonable limits, and he may be right. But one must hope it will be remembered that far more important than to conciliate German goodwill is to ensure that the Czechoslovak State, reduced to its natural racial elements, shall be left in a condition to continue an existence which is of essential worth to European civilization. As things are, before the Commission had fairly got to work, we are faced with the sinister fact that President Benesh thought his resignation necessary. Without that scalp at his girdle, Hitler's victory would not have been considered complete—and the Czechs were made to know this.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is difficult to write without bitterness, and of all things bitterness is the least helpful. But Mr. Duff Cooper's action will have carried to the Czechs a message of sympathy far more convincing than any voted sum of millions, let them be ten or thirty. England owes Mr. Duff Cooper a debt which, I trust, will not be forgotten; he has raised the tone of public life. Yet, as he himself admits—as those of us who agree with every word of his speech and are thankful for it must admit—he may have been mistaken. The power of Great Britain was in the hands of one whom we all know now to be as good an Englishman as England has bred in our lifetime, and he, having the practical wisdom which distinguishes Englishmen, chose for his right hand a man wholly at one with him in purpose and in temper. If Mr. Chamberlain was to be the Prime Minister in such a time, he was right to choose Lord Halifax and not Mr. Eden for his Foreign Secretary. Any of us who feel, as in such a time uncountable decent men and women feel, a personal concern for the action of the great commonwealth in which our lives are bound up, may rest assured that no man living has a finer or more generous sense of justice than Lord Halifax. When he says to Parliament, as he has said, that if after another war, the



boundaries of Czechoslovakia had to be redrawn, no council would draw them again as they were drawn in 1919, we may take that as a final verdict—and as meaning that Lord Runciman had come to the same conclusion. But when the boundaries have been drawn anew, with the consent of England; when the consent of Czechoslovakia has been secured, one may say fairly at the dictation of England, then assuredly Lord Halifax will feel bound in honour to defend those boundaries as if they were English soil.

\* \* \* \* \*

One should welcome any book in English that makes for a better understanding between these neighbour countries. Mr.

**David Horner's Book** David Horner, a new author, helps with his book *Through French Windows*; for, as he says, at the ripe age of seven, when the Sud Express left

Paris for Biarritz "I made the great discovery of happiness and at that moment my love of France and my respect and affection for the French were conceived". Since then, in some thirty years, Mr. Horner has studied all through France the treasures of architecture and the other arts and writes of them with a discerning enthusiasm. But the main part of his book concerns the impressions he collected when in undergraduate days he spent the long vacation as pensionnaire in a French family at a middling-sized town on the banks of the Rhone halfway from Lyons to Marseilles. Quite frankly, it is not to be affirmed that such French readers as Mr. Horner may find will be enchanted by his characterization of French society; the attitude towards his subjects of study recalls that of Miss Elizabeth Bowen, who observes human beings with a surgical detachment; and though Mr. Horner has not her gift of phrase, he does succeed in bringing vividly before us the formidable lady who was his hostess and the society of people, mostly related to each other, who went to the same parties and were concerned with the same good works. For the society was *bien pensante*—though it is curious how little Mr. Horner tells us about their views on life or the post-war world. They were indeed chiefly concerned with the infinite small things and the rest is taken for granted. But as a result of his observations we learn that the French on an average work twice as hard as the

English, and that a French officer will generally possess more intellectual interests than his equivalent in Great Britain. The pleasantest pages in the book describe Mr. Horner's visit to a sea-side west of Marseilles, to which the masterful hostess despatched him, with an introduction to a colonel and his family, then at this particular *plage*. The young Englishman was adopted as a member of the family party and found that they and the other guests were there, nominally because it was so quiet, really because the terms were so reasonable—one must not say, cheap. I resent one observation, when he says that he will not mention the names of hotels, because writers who do so generally have an eye to being fed there again as a return for favours received. I wonder if he thinks that Stevenson, for instance, counted on getting free quarters some day at the inn kept by M. and Mme. Bazin, whom he praised in a charming passage in his *Inland Voyage*? The sad fact is that in nine cases out of ten (and in my own experience I hardly can recall the tenth case), one never sees again the hotel or restaurant where one has had perfect entertainment.

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# THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

## POST MORTEMS

By D. W. BROGAN

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PEACE  
TREATIES, by Lloyd George.  
Vol. 1. Gollancz. 18s.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE DANUBE  
AND THE LITTLE ENTENTE,  
1929-1938, by Robert Machray.  
Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.

THE BATTLE FOR PEACE, by F.  
Llyn Jones. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

*Ex mortuis nil nisi malum* has long been the motto of the English Conservatives—distinct from the English Liberals, whose sense of decency and civility keeps them from that rush to the aid of the victor with which the English world has been confronted in the last weeks. A great myth is being propagated by the admirable forensic efforts of Sir John Simon, by the plain sophistry of Lord Baldwin, and the bland self-righteousness of *The Times*. The myth represents the Treaty of Versailles as an abortion forced on a reluctant England by politicians, all apparently now dead. Persons bearing the same names as Lord Halifax and Sir Samuel Hoare are trotted for the Treaty were impudent impostors; the great national newspapers which, despite the rightness of the policy then advocated by the Liberal and Labourists, never thought for a moment of helping the return to power of these men, wise beyond their generation, took this line on the grounds that the long run right would prevail (it has prevailed at Munich)—and why worry when time would right all? Lloyd George has, therefore,

performed a public service in recalling some simple and indisputable facts about the Treaty of Versailles. He would have done better had he been less anxious to justify all that he and his colleagues did in 1918 and 1919. His great forensic talents have sometimes led him astray and an occasional confession of error and a willingness to admit that the temper of 1919 was not the best atmosphere for a long-term settlement, would have improved the tone of this book. But the main argument is overwhelmingly right. The territorial settlement at Versailles was a triumph of principle; it stuck far closer to the Fourteen Points than the contemporary public has been allowed to believe. The application of the principle of nationalities to a defeated Germany could only have, for result, the loss of great areas and great resources for a country largely built up in defiance of that principle. That part of the treaty most violently attacked by simple-minded left-wingers, the Polish "corridor", was not merely in close conformity with the Fourteen Points, but any other solution could only have been justified on the grounds that, when German interests conflicted with Polish rights, Germans ought to have their way. This seems to have been the view of that great exporter of righteousness, General Smuts. It is hardly necessary to say that, where the interests of South Africa were concerned, General Smuts took a less tolerant view.

Of course great mistakes were made at Versailles. Of course the pretence



of the Allies that they were applying general principles of national self-determination had its hypocritical side, since it was only to be applied to the defeated—and left one conspicuous “oppressed nationality” in Europe under the control of Britain. The American enemies of President Wilson did not forget to point to Ireland! But, like Lord Clive, the victors might well have stood astonished at their own moderation, given the conditions of 1919.

But there’s the rub. It is easy for Mr. Lloyd George to show that the Government was not ahead of public opinion but behind it in the demands for the trial of the Kaiser, the War criminals *etc.* But public opinion was not merely exacerbated by the terrible strain of the war; it was not given time to recover. Despite all the ingenious pleading for the December election of 1918, the decision to go to the country at a time when rational discussion of the issues was impossible, remains a blunder. It is not enough to quote the comparatively reasonable election manifesto issued by Mr. Lloyd George and Bonar Law. The damage was done by the local campaigns by the absurd speeches of candidates great and small, by the return of that parliament of “hard-faced men” on issues which became rapidly irrelevant.

Another section of Mr. Lloyd George’s book that would have been improved by more magnanimity is his treatment of Wilson. Wilson knew well what American intervention in the war meant; he knew that he would increasingly be forced to undergo the effects of the European war psychosis; he knew that, in America itself, forces hostile to his own liberal ideals would be released by war and have a good chance of triumphing. He was right. Mr. Lloyd George repeats the standard criticisms of Wilson’s action in appealing for a Democratic Congress in 1918. He ignores several important factors. The Wilson administration had won at the presidential election of 1916, but the Democratic party in Congress had been beaten. Wilson had to bear in mind

that he had been bitterly opposed during the war by Theodore Roosevelt. And he knew that Lodge and Roosevelt were far more important in the Republican party than the benevolent and ineffectual Taft. It is very far from certain that Wilson lost much by his appeal to the country (which the American constitution made in some degree inevitable). No doubt Wilson was lacking in tact, in political shrewdness, but he knew well the men he had to deal with, the men who were only to defeat the League of Nations but to give America as leader a War of Attrition. Nevertheless, this is a masterly statement of a case that has largely been allowed to go by default. And because the Left has, since 1919, been at least as much sentimental as just in its approach to the problem raised by the Peace Treaties, it is to be hoped that it will be largely read on that side.

If anything could, Mr. Machray’s narrative would. Here we have the story of the nations freed in 1918, of the progress by their own efforts by which Britain in her turn benefited. It is a story of progress, then of economic retreat and political confusion. Mr. Machray finished his book before the last “settlement”, but it is an admirable background to Munich.

Not quite as much can be said of Mr. Elwyn Jones’ book, able as it always is and convincing as it usually is. It tells the story of the aggression and success of Hitler’s Germany and the lamentable weakness and confusion of British policy in face of this attack. But it is too partisan in tone. The account of French politics suffers from the naïve acceptance of a good “Left” and a bad “Right”, a dogma which distorts the events of the last weeks which it revealed. It talks as if the idea of Soviet Russia’s interference in the affairs of other States was an absurd myth. I have long regarded the Comintern as a highly incompetent nuisance, but I have never been able to convince myself that it does not exist.

## THE NEXT WAR

BY W. F. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS.

**AIR POWER IN THE NEXT WAR**, by Commander Russell Grenfell, R.N.  
**SEA POWER IN THE NEXT WAR**, by J. M. Spaight, C.B., C.B.E.

**TANKS IN THE NEXT WAR**, by Major E. W. Sheppard, O.B.E., M.C.  
**PROPAGANDA IN THE NEXT WAR**, by Captain Sidney Rogerson.

The men of the Armed Forces have been demobilized; but the memory of the last week in September remains on the active list. The ill wind of war had one salutary effect; it blew away the last illusion of individual unconcern. When war comes the general and the citizen will be indifferently swept into the maelstrom.

But the general will have the advantage of being ready, an advantage which the citizen can still help to procure for himself. First, he must find out what the next war will be like; and, thanks to Captain Liddell Hart, the information is being provided for him. The first four of the eight books dealing with the conduct of future warfare are a valuable contribution to national defence.

Commander Russell Grenfell, R.N., writes of Sea Power, steers his book expertly past the shoals of extremist opinion. His lucid and balanced arguments carry conviction. Air power is still as essential to Britain as the Empire as ever; but its

application has to be adapted to meet the threat of new weapons, particularly the aeroplane and the submarine.

His basic criticism is that naval thought has become over-conscious of the need of protection. Battleships best illustrate his contention. With their anti-torpedo bulges, their deck armour, their growing size and cost, they have become almost too precious to be used. Were they not nicknamed H.M.S. Unriskable in 1935? Commander Grenfell, after examining their history in the last war, and their added vulnerability to attack to-day, concludes by doubting whether they are worth the expense of building and maintaining. He also urges that smaller craft are the best counters to submarine attack, and the least target to air attack. Finally, masses of small, rather than a few mammoth, ships would help to abolish the exaggerated caution of our naval strategy in the last war. This argument is also relevant to the need of many more, and more suitable, ships for convoy duties.

In discussing Air Power Mr. Spaight employs the same lucidity and moderation. He rebuts, with all the weight of his experience, the doctrine that air forces have dispossessed the other arms of their functions, and rejects "air frightfulness" as both impolitic and impracticable. His readers will particularly welcome the measured doubt that he feels about the capacity of any enemy air force to darken the skies, and to obliterate national existence. This is not to say that the air menace

*Next War Series, edited by Captain Liddell Hart, and published by Geoffrey Bles: price 1s. each.*

is negligible. Far from it. The fact is rather that the threat it involves may act as a deterrent. London might be bombed, but not without immediate and terrible retaliation. Therefore, belligerents may decide voluntarily to limit air raids to undisputed military targets. They may even decide not to become belligerents. The events of September give some colour to this notion.

Tanks have not been made the subject of public controversy. Bomb v. battleship is not paralleled by tank v. anti-tank gun. Nevertheless, it is a substantial question in its broadest aspect; for on the answer depends the probable character of future land warfare. If the tank loses its power to move, modern war will largely lose its mobility, and trenches will not only be used for air raid shelters. Major Sheppard, after a full and absorbing study of the question, decides that the tank is still the most powerful weapon of attack. He also gives pride of place to British doctrine and practice of tank warfare, though not to tank construction.

His case resembles that of Commander Grenfell in that he insists upon the need for offensive action to obtain a decision. Just as Commander Grenfell advocates plenty of small fast ships for attack, so Major Sheppard urges the economy in lives and money of a fleet of tanks, which can both assault and overcome enemy tanks, and envelop enemy infantry.

It is not to disparage the three preceding books to say that Captain Rogerson's book on Propaganda is the most striking of the series. There are two reasons for this claim. The first is that Captain Rogerson is presenting a novel aspect of modern war; and the second is that he, like the other authors, is a master of his subject. Nothing shews more clearly the "all-in" character of a future conflict than the importance of propaganda. The enemy must be assaulted not only in body but in mind and morale. His will to fight must be destroyed. Equally, the spirit of our own side must be rallied and encouraged. Napoleon said that the moral to the

material is as three is to one. That was in the relatively puny warfare of 1815. Nowadays, it might be argued that the moral counts even for more.

One of the most fascinating chapters of the book (II) is that which analyses the relations between national character and methods of propaganda employed on the one hand; and national character and its susceptibility to propaganda on the other. The result of this acute and detached investigation is encouraging to British minds. Our ability as propagandists, and the failure of other nations to understand our own mentality and so to "propagand" us effectively is a real measure of security.

Nevertheless, Captain Rogerson does not send his readers comfortably to bed. In his final chapter he launches a number of withering criticisms on our home propaganda. Indeed, he would deny it the name. Government efforts to "put over" re-armament are sacrificed, and the failure to organize a co-ordinated method of propaganda trenchantly condemned.

Space forbids detailed comment on his marshalled attack; but one matter may be singled out for mention. It demonstrates beyond a doubt the vital importance of broadcasting in war-time, and, to the reader, he presents a convincing case both of its vulnerability and its lack of alternative means to carry on, should the main transmitting stations be "blotted out". He urges strongly the immediate adoption of a rediffusion system by wiring, such as has been highly developed in Holland but largely neglected in this country. Finally, he demands an organization which could function effectively now, co-ordinate all forms of propaganda, and which would, on the outbreak of war, be revealed as an existing Ministry of Propaganda.

In conclusion, it is apt to say, with Captain Rogerson, that the best form of propaganda is personal. The more people who read these four books, the more competent propagandists will there be for an invincible Britain and British Empire.



**GOLIATH**, by G. A. Borgese. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

**ITALY'S FOREIGN AND COLONIAL POLICY**, by Maxwell H. H. Macartney and Paul Cremona. *Oxford University Press*. 12s. 6d.

**CLASS CONFLICT IN ITALY**, by K. Walter. *P. S. King*. 5s.

Here we have first one of modern Italy's most brilliant and penetrating critics testing Italian politics by moral and religious standards in a book published, of course, outside the Fascist realm; secondly, an appraisal by two expert British observers of Italy's foreign policy in the last quarter century; thirdly, an account by a British resident in Italy of the Fascist social policy and its effects in everyday life.

Dr. Borgese, now an exile in America, apparently wrote his book directly in the English language; he succeeds most remarkably in conveying Latin thought by English idiom. He is an idealist philosopher, a believer in the divine, but not in the deity. He cultivates a liberal Christianity which he thinks the poets and philosophers and saints of Italy have been reaching towards through the ages; Mazzini was its latest and noblest, not its last and by no means its final interpreter. Italy, he argues, gained unity by a different process from the other European nations. These for the most part started with a political régime established by men of action, and gradually developed within their political boundaries a culture. Italy started with a culture transcending political boundaries and achieved a political organization by a deliberate urge to Statehood as a complement to nationhood.

The founder of the Italian nation was Dante, who fixed the written language for the whole peninsula; Petrarch and Machiavelli followed. Now Rome, and Italy as the Roman hinterland, had throughout long centuries, gradually lost the supreme governance of Europe. The Italians were ex-metropolitans, remembering and passing on the memory of their days of dominance. The prophets of the new Christian

culture still kept their pride of the past. In Dante this harsh ancient strain was subordinate to the newer and healthier; in Petrarch the two contended; in Machiavelli the harshness and pride prevailed. Thus Dr. Borgese sees Italy through the ages torn between a mission of progress and a fallacious pride. United Italy was brought into being by men who had the mission of progress at heart; now the men of pride have captured the State. Dr. Borgese works out this pattern with all the talent of a man who is not only a South Italian by birth but an aesthete by calling. Those who want to understand what part thinkers and poets have had in shaping the Italy we have known and the Italy we know will find a most brilliant depiction in "Goliath".

Messrs. Macartney and Cremona, two well-known journalists, the latter a Maltese lately expelled from Rome after 20 years' residence, have marshalled the facts clearly and methodically in their exposition of Italy's relations, country by country, with the various Powers or groups of Powers in Europe since 1914. They see Italy working up towards apparently irremediable antagonism with Britain in the Mediterranean. From their pages you will retain a view of Mussolini as the supreme improviser in policy, the man who at one time works for appeasement and a United Europe, at another time risks disruption and disaster for what can hardly be considered matters of life and death for Italy. On the whole, with his Four Power Pact programme, Signor Mussolini did aim at giving Europe an oligarchical international constitution to solve problems which the "Wilsonian" League never got near to tackling. He was frustrated by French policy at its narrowest and shortest-sighted. Either because he has not the strength to be patient, or because he believes that he can bluff others into wise action by himself feigning insanity, Mussolini has within four years shifted from the attitude of the constructor to that of the firebrand.

Mr. Walter has written an account of the "Corporative" system in Italy

to-day. Signor Mussolini started his dictatorship in the State by seizing all power in the Trade Union organizations, and at the outset, at least, leaving the organized workers defenceless against their employers. Now the employers are almost equally defenceless, while the Fascistized Trade Unions, to rate them at the lowest, constitute a huge bureaucracy charged with helping the workers. Mr. Walter seems to the reviewer, to claim rather more for the Corporative system as an organ of working-class self expression than can justly be asserted, however much it may be hoped and even expected for the future, if Italy in the next years is at peace and able to attend to human welfare. Despite Mr. Walter's attempt to distinguish between "appointive" and "elected" offices in the trade unions, etc., the prevalence of "appointive" office-holders, in importance if not in numbers, seems indisputable. On the other hand if we have faith in Italian virtue, we shall suppose that the officials are creating something more durable and valuable than a mere conscription-system for workers, such as too many "Lefties" fake for the whole truth about Fascism.

C.J.S.S.

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**MY ENGLAND**, by Edward Shanks.  
*Jarrold. 7s. 6d.*

**WE ARE OBSERVED**, by W. J. Blyton.  
*John Murray. 7s. 6d.*

**THOSE WERE THE DAYS**, by Osbert Sitwell.  
*Macmillan. 8s. 6d.*

At a time when the book-market is being flooded with a torrent of literature on other countries, it is a pleasant change to return to the English scene.

This business of sizing up a country and its character authoritatively in literary form, demands from the writer the restrained knowledge of a scientist, and the art of a poet. One form of compromise, a combination of the objective and subjective approach, is well illustrated in books such as Inge's "England" or Diesel's "Germany and the Germans". Both these writers

have succeeded in investing their presentation of facts and data with the bright colour of personal impression and intuition so that their pictures stand out clear despite the welter of details. But there is another course, and that is to present a frankly personal landscape as seen through one's own eyes. It is surprising how few writers have attempted this style of approach in recent years. So we should be grateful to Mr. Shanks for his interpretation of "My England", however much many of his readers will disagree with one or other of his statements and conclusions in a volume of some three hundred pages. From the outset Mr. Shanks makes no bones about his technique. He tells us that he writes as "an Englishman who happens to be an individual named Edward Shanks with his own peculiarities of temperament and experience".

Mr. Shanks intentionally wanders through his theme. That is the real value of this method of treatment especially in the hands of a poet like Mr. Shanks, for the picture is shared through with ideas and impressions leading spontaneously from one to another, which would otherwise fall by the wayside.

Mr. Shanks has painted on a big canvas. He lays bare his views on modern architecture, private life, poetry and patriotism, religion, law and order, London and the Provinces, our relationships with neighbouring nations and with our own Commonwealth and the United States. The value of his opinions lies in that they are not only expressed with the insight of the poet, but are also the product of clear thinking based on accumulated wealth of experience.

Mr. Blyton holds up a "mirror to English character" through the employment of different means from those used by Mr. Shanks. He takes his reader through a review of five hundred years of English literature correlating the individual workmanship of poets, dramatists and novelists with such skill that the English character emerges clearly.



Both these books offer an all-round view of the many facets of our English character. As Mr. Blyton points out : It is as tiresome to be called " God's Englishmen " as to be called " perfidious Albion ", " island Pharisees ", " insular ", " hypocrites ", and so on. These no more touch the English secret than Napoleon's " nation of shop-keepers ", Voltaire's " people of one faith and seventy religions ", the old jest of " rosbif Goddams ", or the cartoonist's " John Bull ".

The English personality is, perhaps, the most definitely marked of all European types. There is, moreover, a fundamental English attitude to life which stamps us as English in our conversation, our behaviour and our daily social activities. A host of unwritten codes, bred deeply within us, strive not to hedge us round, but to make the going smooth. For though we were originally a racial hotch-potch, we have an unconscious culture inherited from an existence in an island kingdom that has suffered no invasion for nine hundred years, and no upheavals comparable with those of France or Germany, Spain or Russia.

With this long background of settled tradition behind him the Englishman trusts unconsciously to his intuition rather than to his reason. And it may be this characteristic which renders him incomprehensible and irritating at times to his continental neighbours, asking for them the qualities of humanity, warm-heartedness, generosity, and deep sense of humour, which lie so deeply in his make-up.

It is, indeed, the easiest thing to criticise a race which can produce an upper middle class family such as the Freemartins of Mr. Osbert Sitwell's novel, *Those were the Days*. Not that the Freemartins and their in-laws seem quite real people. They have all the affects and none of the virtues of their particular English class. In the hands of a master like Antony Trollope they could not have been shed of all vestiges of warm humanity.

There is not a character in this " Panorama with Figures " that is even likeable. Mr. Sitwell carries his specimens—it is difficult to describe them otherwise—from the pre-war, through the war, to the post-war days, showing their reactions to the whole convulsive period. This must be one of the coldest and hardest pieces of caricaturing ever presented to the English reader. One wonders what he will make of it, and moreover of the seemingly interminable flood of ponderous sentences packed full of harsh witticisms and sequences of subordinate clauses. He may start in the earlier chapters by admiring the deft hand with which Mr. Sitwell polishes off the futilities and snobbery of this cross-section of English life. But one doubts if he will read to the end. Mr. Sitwell's prose and characterization glitter with brilliancy—the brilliancy not of a sunlit panorama, but of an Arctic glacier.

EDWARD LIVEING.

#### WHERE ARE YOU GOING, JAPAN, by Willard Price. Heinemann. 15s.

Mr. Willard Price has lavished on this book enough material for two or three. He ranges over the whole scope of the Japanese Empire, which, as he reminds us, few people realize now extends from the neighbourhood of the Arctic Circle to the Equator. The grinding struggle for existence of Japanese, Chinese and Korean farmers ; the vast spaces and smoky yurts of Mongolia ; the flowery life of South Sea islands ; haunts of head-hunters, Japanese penetration into the Philippines, whose coming independence threatens only to mean exchanging one form of foreign control for another—all this and much more, together with the pressing question of American reactions to Japanese expansion, is presented in vivid, convincing scenes, with the additional attraction of many beautiful photographs. Throughout it all the theme of Japan's ambitions as Empire-builder in its many different aspects is constantly



in view. At the centre of all that Japan does, Mr. Willard Price says, burns an intense spiritual flame, a sense of divine mission to all mankind. From earliest boyhood, when the Emperor's portrait at school is kept in a steel safe to guard against possible destruction by fire, only to be shown on grand occasions, every Japanese has this ambition continually dinning into him. The result is that curious combination of slick, unscrupulous go-getter and fanatical idealist which makes Japan so puzzling to the world. Mr. Willard Price believes that Japan will yet dominate and organize China, which, under her tuition, will become a vital power and ultimately throw her off. The transformation appears already to be taking place, but scarcely as Mr. Willard Price thinks. The weak point in Japan's equipment as an empire-builder is that although she has undoubtedly brought great benefits to the countries she has conquered, she never succeeds in getting herself liked. The Chinese themselves say that Japan has made them a united nation 50 years before they would otherwise have been, and the hatred she has inspired in them only appears to draw them ever closer in resistance. The answer to the title-question of Mr. Willard Price's suggestive book is a gloomy one for Japan. He makes light of the reality of "dangerous thoughts" (the Japanese term for Communism) among the students and working classes—though assuredly the Japanese police do not—but there are close observers who believe that the adventure in China will end in revolution in Japan.

O. M. GREEN.

**OSCAR WILDE**, by Boris Brasol.  
*Williams and Norgate.* 16s.

Every new book about Oscar Wilde seems to start a literary "row" which is in danger of ending as a street-corner brawl. Wilde once said "Every great man nowadays has his disciples, but it is always Judas who writes the biography". Wilde's memory has been pursued not so much by Judases, but by a babble of discordant voices, with

every clamourer insistent on his own righteousness. Let this be said for Mr. Boris Brasol, he is interested not in himself but in Wilde, not in controversy but in honest portraiture. He has had the assistance of Mr. Sherard, the most honest and self-effacing advocate Wilde ever had.

Mr. Brasol is by birth a Russian, and he now practises law in New York. His knowledge of English life is considerable so is his knowledge of the English language, though sometimes this seems derived from heterogeneous sources and is mashed together to make an unpalatable mixture. The biographical work is thorough, and there are a number of new letters and details which to my best recollection have not been published before. Mr. Brasol's honest attempt to be judicial, nevertheless leaves me uncertain of why he considers Wilde important. He pays comparatively little attention to him as an artist, so that cannot be the motive. Nor, one imagines, would the fact that Wilde was a homosexual justify the addition of another volume to the monument of comment already erected over him. It may be that Mr. Laurence Housman seized upon a certain truth when he wrote: "his downfall did at least this great service to humanity that, by the sheer force of notoriety, it made 'the unmentionable', mentionable". Even of this I am uncertain for the psycho-analysts would surely have let loose on us an ample vocabulary for sexual discussion, even if Wilde had never existed.

Wilde's fascination seems to me the fascination of a legend. It is distinct from his homosexuality though involved in it. The two trials, the excessively harsh and cruel sentence, the exposure to obloquy, the prison life with *De Profundis* and *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, unite to give a human story of a dramatic design and intensity seldom equalled. Wilde emphasised its pathos and tragedy by his speeches at the trials, his courage and his protest in prison with its frequent New Testament recollections. Given any other

issue than homosexuality, here was suffering and conduct worthy of a great leader. Wilde had so often this gesture of the hero *manqué* of a great man of action without a cause. Mr. Brasol has done justice to this part of Wilde's life, but I am not sure that he has seen it as the main attraction. He brings out very clearly that the issue at first was not even Wilde against British justice, crude though that may have been. It was Wilde against the Marquis of Queensberry, and the Marquis was a character far stranger than himself, cruel, and incredible like some tyrant father of the Italian Renaissance.

Mr. Brasol never determines his attitude towards Wilde's perversions, whether to treat them medically, or sentimentally or with indifference. It is part of his judicial attitude—but ultimately even a judge must judge. This at least can be said, that much of the glamour, which surrounds Wilde when extracts from the trials are read, disappears when the whole account is studied. There are such magnificent moments, the verbal duel with Carson, the speech on friendship, but Wilde was condemned not for an ideal friendship which had developed a sensual expression, but for his association with pimps and servants who had no mental attraction, and whose taste and manners were execrable. This is the odd structure upon which the Wilde legend has to stand.

Apart from the legend Wilde has a place as a man of letters, and with this Mr. Brasol deals discreetly, but his main interest is in the personality who at such a little distance missed greatness.

B. IFOR EVANS

**THE OLD THEATRE, WORTHING: 1807-1855**, by Mary Theresa Odell. G. W. Jones. 7s. 6d.

In this very nicely produced book we have the story of a Theatre Royal which once stood in Ann Street, Worthing, and of which all that now remains is the outer walls, a colonnaded portico, and

a bust of Shakespeare in the centre of the façade. Apart from occasional visits by such "stars" as Edmund Kean, Grimaldi, the beautiful Miss O'Neill, Macready, and Phelps, the theatre's forty-eight years were evidently a long struggle with adversity, and when at last the end came and its contents were sold by auction, its pile of stage-costumes fetched little more than a £10 note, its crystal chandeliers £6, and its stock of scenery a beggarly twenty shillings.

From newspaper-files and old play-bills Mrs. Odell has assembled an imposing and fairly digestible mass of facts. From beginning to end the theatre appears to have enjoyed the patronage of such "society" as the then tiny town possessed, and on a popular actress's benefit night in 1817 the beneficaire's husband stood in the portico and counted "seventeen coroneted carriages" discharging their burdens. In 1836 a comic favourite,



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one Jack Hudspeth, also had a memorable benefit. On this occasion so numerous were his admirers that "the pit-floor gave way and subsided with the occupants." Fortunately, however, no serious injuries resulted. On an August evening in 1855 a local reporter looked in and found the pit tenanted only by three fishermen and a little girl who was fast asleep; and on the night of the ensuing 16th of December the curtain fell to rise no more.

The programmes at their best appear generally to have been an echo of those of the neighbouring Theatre Royal which still holds its own to-day, in New Road, Brighton, though Mrs. Odell's conscientious record will have its interest for students of theatrical history, if only for its glimpses of the straits to which "the poor player" was in those days so often reduced. A wider circle, however, will be charmed by the book's decoration. A water-colour drawing of the façade made last year by a local artist faces the title-page very attractively, and many portraits of famous players, as well as an engaging selection of old playbills, are admirably reproduced. The book will certainly make a handsome addition to any library, public or private.

H. M. WALBROOK

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**OTHER RANKS OF KUT**, by P. W. Long. *Williams & Norgate*. 10s. 6d. net. Reviewed by Lord Elton.

This is a book which has been wanted for twenty years. It is the story of the blackest tragedy of the late war, the barbarous sufferings of the rank and file, British and Indian, who fell into the hands of the Turks after the surrender of Kut-el-Amara in April, 1915. Stray fragments of the almost incredible tale have found their way into print ere this. Several officers from the captured garrison, all of whom were separated from their men, have narrated their adventures in the hands of the Turks—adventures which, though hair-raising enough, were Sunday School treats compared with the martyrdom of the "other ranks"—and most of these

authors knew, and could tell, something of the fate of the rank and file, whether from the stories told them by survivors or because they had themselves journeyed, a little later than their men, over the same inhospitable wastes, and had found them strewn with terrible evidence of what had been done. But it had begun to seem likely that there would never be an authentic, first-hand account from one who had himself suffered, and survived. Survivors, after all, were comparatively few, and the qualities which made for survival were not necessarily those which provide the pen of a ready writer. Here, however, by a succession of miracles, is the book. And not only was Flight-Sergeant Long in the thick of the worst of it, suffering horrors enough, one would have said, to kill a dozen men, but, by another miracle, he can write. He does not, like so many gallant adventurers, become terse, and self-conscious as he sits down to pen and paper, or confine himself to a bald narrative of events. Nor yet, like some others, does he strain to do honour to his extraordinary story, with purple patches. No, he has the trick; he just *writes*—and the fantastic story he has to tell you, does the rest.

The author was bastinadoed by his captors, beaten, bayoneted in the face, stoned, starved, spat on and stripped of all his belongings. I soon lost count of the occasions on which he was clubbed with a rifle—his nose was broken by one blow. For weeks his only garments were a pair of ragged shorts, and "a threadbare, buttonless, bloodstained shirt". For a day or two he was blind. He marched, barefoot and famished till he was too weak to stand. He was immured in a typical Turkish prison, which

measured some twenty feet by sixteen and seemed packed to suffocation before we entered. The stench that assailed our nostrils was appalling and breath-taking. . . . It was as well that we had not advanced into the room for we should have fallen over the human dregs that covered the floor in every attitude. . . . In vain we looked for a place where we could at least sit down. The only place not covered by a body was the place we were standing on, and here the floor was rotten and contained a hole from which



emanated a ghastly odour of putrefying matter. There was nothing for us to do but cover the hole with our sacks and squat down where we were, and wait for what might happen next.

Nevertheless he survived. He commenced two and a half years crowded with nightmare experiences of this nature, all but dead from enteritis, or cholera. Nevertheless he survived. That alone would have been a memorable achievement; as Talleyrand said, when asked what he had done during the French Revolution, "*J'ai vécu*". But he did much more than survive. He knew some Arabic and learnt more, learnt Turkish too, and acted as interpreter between his fellow-sufferers and their tormentors. What is more, his spirit was unbroken. Time after time he bearded omnipotent *ambashis*, rated them soundly in their own tongue, and usually found that, in the true oriental tradition, they cringed before his just and unexpected wrath. Repeatedly he contrived to wring some slight alleviation for his fellow-prisoners out of Turkish officers, who were too proud and indifferent to persist in active cruelty when persisting meant putting themselves to inconvenience. Not that alleviation meant much. Perhaps the most terrible feature of this curiously embittered narrative is the ghastly monotony with which the author records how his fellow-prisoners were clubbed to death if they faltered, in deadly sickness, at those appalling marches, or how they were left, slowly dying, by the roadside. Recrossing the yard I noticed a row of bodies lying in the sun near a mud wall. They were stark-naked and I noticed that one of them was heavily tattooed. I crossed over to them and saw that what I had suspected was true—they were dead Englishmen, at least three out of seven were; the others may have been. Thinking that I recognized the tattooed body, I bent over to look more closely and saw a faint twitching of the lips. I ran back to the gate and told the orderly that one of the men outside was alive. He swore and spat at me and told me to clear out, but I threatened to tell the Kaimakham if he did not have the man brought inside and looked at. At that he picked up a water-bottle and asked me to show him the man. Suspecting nothing, I did so, and the Arab walked up to his head, and, forcing open his mouth, inserted the neck of the bottle

inside. A few bubbles, a convulsive twist, and the poor fellow was dead, deliberately choked to death!

Such was the treatment of the men to whom Enver Pasha had promised that 'your troubles are over now, my dears; you will be treated as the honoured guests of the Sultan'. All that can be said in defence of the Turkish authorities is that they treated their own men also with inhuman cruelty—but that is little enough. I hope that I have not given the impression that this book is merely a harrowing "document". It is much more than that. It is actually exhilarating to read, for it is the most vivid of testimonies to the power of courage and resource to rise superior to circumstance. I was a prisoner, taken at Kut, myself. Many of my friends perished in the hands of the Turks. I expected to find this narrative almost unbearable. But I finished it with that sense of exhilaration which always comes from the spectacle of spirit triumphing over matter.

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THE SALVATION OF PISCO GABAR,  
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Windus. 7s. 6d.*

Cruelty is cruelty in whatever dress of dialectical expediency it is presented to us, and in the face of torture truth remains truth. If it were still fashionable to derive morals from fiction, that, or something like it, might appear as the codicil to Mr. R. C. Hutchinson's massive *Testament*. It is by no means a didactic novel. In all its 700 pages there is scarcely a pause from the central task of narrative. Dialogue is plentiful and various, but too closely attendant upon the dramatic progress of events to degenerate into self-important talk. Yet beneath and within this stream of personal and national history that rises in the Lensie Marshes among the thousands who are dying to save the Russia of God and Nicholas, and flows at last, bearing a boatload of refugees from the Russia of Lenin, to empty its suffering upon the external world—beneath and within this there is surely a theme worth attention for its own sake. For the important figures in this moving and exciting book (their names, a little heavy upon an English memory, are sensibly listed in an index) are, broadly-speaking, liberals. They are the kind, the decent, the honest, the sensitive, the intelligent, who let the small weight of act and word be felt against injustice in Czarist Russia, and were sent to Siberia or trailed by the secret police for it. A few months of hope for a new dawn were granted them in 1917 before the machine that they had helped to set in motion caught them and crushed them as sentimental amateur reformers. History must by now be weary of telling us that when violence is released this is their inevitable fate. Perhaps a finely written novel will carry more

force. If not, here is at least a capital story, told with detachment but not without compassion. The cumulative effect of detail is to present, in addition to adventures worthy of the best thriller, a succession of fascinating social pictures of Russia in war and in revolution.

There is adventure, too, in the "autobiography of a corpse" by the Poet Laureate, whose industry in this genre is perhaps a tribute to the novel's sprawling conquest of the reading public. Ned becomes dead only in the latter half of the book, and then not really so. We are promised a second volume which is likely to supply mutiny on the *Albicare*, the slave-ship which slips down the Mersey on the last page under the ferocious Captain Ashplant. For the period is that of buckled shoes and blunderbusses, and anything may happen in Newgate or off the Slave Coast. Mr. Masefield's somewhat archaistic style, hovering between Defoe and Stevenson, seemed to me only partially successful. But his book is easy to read.

"Style is the thing that's always a bit phony, and at the same time you cannot write without style". Thus St. Quentin, a writer who helps to launch Miss Elizabeth Bowen's new story, and then mysteriously takes a 300-page holiday from the reader's attention before reappearing for the final scenes. Miss Bowen's style, its phoniest, has the air of a slightly pedantic translation from the French. At its most genuine it is discreetly and subtly efficient. *The Death of the Heart* presents us with a sixteen-year-old orphan girl, hitherto brought up in Continental hotels as the fruit of a second and suspect marriage, and now housed with unsympathetic relatives in London, N.W.1. Frustration and bewilderment drive her at length to run away, and in the last chapter the family servant is sent off in a taxi to fetch her back. That is the whole scaffold, but the construction is elaborate. The nice analysis of emotional states is certainly a legitimate use for Miss Bowen's talents. If

ngle reader feels at times something  
ke exasperation at the feminine con-  
dence of her observation of detail, and  
nds most of her characters, thus  
minutely presented, either tiresome or  
npleasant, that need represent no  
more than a minority report.

Mr. Household cheered me up. His  
ories are well worth this promotion to  
ook-form. He is civilized and cunning  
nd lighthearted all at once, which is  
robably what it is to be wicked. He  
nows Spain and Spanish America,  
hich is to say that he never need lack  
ort-story material; but he also takes  
to the Bronx Zoo and a Mayfair  
ews. His stories have the mixed  
avour of good things exchanged in the  
ip's saloon and of the better kind of  
rench film.

FRANCIS WATSON

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h the knowledge that the volume  
hich we now hold in our hand,  
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we may expect from a master of  
English prose, we are conscious that  
great a quantity has sometimes  
ded us to the excellence of quality.  
ny men can have written so much at  
high a level. Lucas had the gift,  
ntial to the essayist, of pouring  
h his thoughts in a liquid stream,  
effortless as the notes in a bird's  
hat, yet Lucas owed his success  
re to the fine temper of his mind  
n to the splendid balance of his  
e. Not that Lucas was all  
etness, he was gentle, and above  
he was always pleasant, but he  
d be ironical and if he fought with  
ers, his blade was keen. Yet  
taps his reader's best epitaph  
d be; "He is fine to read; he  
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**THE POLICE IDEA**, by Charles Reith.  
*Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.*

All honour to Mr. Charles Reith for lighting upon a crucially important subject which has somehow escaped attention and producing a really excellent concise study. He takes us back to the mid-XVIIIth century when England's ecclesiastical-parish organization, with its one magistrate and attendant constable was proving hopelessly inadequate to deal with social crime. Unlike Continental countries the centralization of authority after feudalism had here gone unaccompanied by establishment of a standing army which could easily be brought to do military police service. And there was a persistent prejudice against military power. The abuses of the magisterial system—paid deputies as parish constables, the institution of 'blood-money' and, above all, the power of wealthy merchants to exploit 'the mob' for their own ends—these are set forth with just the right amount of detail, and the place of Henry Fielding, John Wilkes, Colquhoun and the younger Pitt in the slow development of the police idea is clearly indicated. What Pitt dared not do, because of the opposition of aldermen of the City, Robert Peel accomplished, and his achievement has perhaps even yet never found adequate recognition. In a preface the author aptly points the moral for the international sphere, where there is the identical, and desperate, need for placing force behind the law: without it it is fantastic to talk of "the rule of law".

**THE WORLD CRISIS**, by Professors of the Graduate Institute of International Studies. *Longmans Green. 10s. 6d.*

Except for the specialist, English citizens are probably unaware of the existence of the Graduate Institute of International Studies at Geneva, directed so ably by Professor William Rappard and M. Paul Mantoux. The present collection of papers is published by way of celebrating its tenth anniversary. The various classes of problems

—"political" and historical, legal and economic—are treated by scholars collaborating in one way or another in the work of the Institute. Hans Wehberg writes interestingly on Civil War and International Law, Michael A. Heilperin on 'Monetary Internationalism and its Crisis', and M. Paul Mantoux leads off finely with 'A Contribution to the History of the Lost opportunities of the League of Nations'.

**THE ORCHESTRA SPEAKS**, by Bernard Shore. *Longmans. 7s. 6d.*

Mr. Bernard Shore, principal viola of the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, gives in this book his impressions of all the well-known conductors under whose sticks he has worked. Unlike the orchestras in which he plays the portraits are not equally well balanced, but on the whole he succeeds splendidly in showing the nature of the man and with a telling phrase we see the conductor standing on the rostrum. Mr. Shore pays tribute to them all, he acknowledges their good points and recognizes their weaknesses from the orchestra's point of view and he is most interesting when describing the different interpretations or emphasis a conductor may put on a composer's score.

**ADVENTURES OF A BOOKSELLER** by G. Orioli. *Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.*

Those who like to make a meal of *hors d'œuvres* will enjoy the indiscriminate adventures of a famous bookseller but for one reviewer at least there are far too many olives in the dish. Mr. Orioli has seen the world, like the rest of us from his own particular angle, but those who imagine that the book world is a pleasant place inhabited by people with whom intelligence and charm go hand in hand, may now be obliged to revise their opinion. Not that Mr. Orioli has anything to complain about. He accepts the world as he sees it and he comments upon it with a shrewdness that is often amusing though very rarely edifying. Mr. Orioli, indeed, gives a little excuse for congratulation.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

For the benefit of our many overseas readers we provide here each month a brief sketch by way of introduction of our contributors to THE FORTNIGHTLY public.

Few Englishmen can feel anything but a sense of grief after the surrender to German might and truculence at Munich. And, necessarily, the chief political articles this month are so many beams of light upon that dismal September scene. There must be any, however, who, while severely condemning the feebleness, innocence and ineffectiveness of the policy identified with Mr. Chamberlain, yet appreciate his impatience with the conventional currency of diplomacies (the word may be coined) and admire him for his single-minded devotion to a chosen course.

THE FORTNIGHTLY does not believe in recrimination. And we think there is something to be said for the *human* approach to the unsolved problems of foreign politics which is outlined in a brief and moving article by John Gimlette, manager and a director of THE FORTNIGHTLY. Only the future will decide whether Mr. Chamberlain and his inexperienced advisers deserve the blame that has been heaped upon them.

The indictment, which was to be collected in our columns, is framed by one of the foremost British students of foreign affairs. Professor R. W. Con-Watson was the man who first brought *Scotus Victor*, brought non-German Central Europe to the pen of Englishmen. Himself a Scot, he found a special affinity with the Slovak people which was struggling to regain its independence under the yoke of pre-war Hungary. His books and articles and his personal contacts with the leaders made him indispensable when the Peace Conference set about the job of justifying the State-building enterprise

of the insurgent peoples of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire. In due time he was rewarded for his devotion to the new Czechoslovakia, in particular by appointment to the Masaryk Chair of Central European History at King's College, University of London. This academic post has given him the freedom to study British foreign policy as a whole in historical perspective, and all of us are greatly in his debt for the authoritative volumes on *Britain and Europe* and *Britain and the Dictators*, published in the past two years.

Discomfiture is no less apparent on the other side of the Channel and D. R. Gillie paints the picture, which long acquaintance with the French mind, has made him familiar. At one time Warsaw and Berlin correspondent of the *Morning Post*, Mr. Gillie was moved to Paris just before the amalgamation of his paper with the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Gillie will also be remembered for his book *Joseph Pilsudski—the memoirs of a Polish Revolutionary* which he translated and edited in 1931.

Franz Borkenau is a new comer to our pages. By his admirable studies on Spain and Austria (he is an Austrian himself) he has won for himself an assured position over here and his new book *The Communist International* has been very well received. The author is that rare thing a recusant Communist who has realized that there are more things in heaven and earth than in the philosophy of Karl Marx.

W. T. Wells and Kenneth Williams are both established contributors, and the one, writing on *National Service*, the other on the baffling problem of Palestine, are dealing with the gravest



of all contemporary questions. W. T. Wells is a young barrister with a talent for competent articles on various aspects of public affairs. He writes regularly in *The Spectator*. Kenneth Williams is editor of *Great Britain and the East*.

Palestine just at present fills the picture. But, the issue of Germany's bid for restoration of her former colonies, looms up. And, at least, let us have knowledge of the conditions there and the mind of the present inhabitants. Lord Chesham has done more than any man to help and develop Tanganyika. He is Chairman of the Mid-Bucks Conservative Association.

Two authoritative articles on domestic problems go to complete this month's

schedule. C. S. Orwin, a name which is no stranger to our columns, is now Director of the Agricultural Research Department at Oxford University. His latest book *The Open Fields*—written in collaboration with his wife—has had a well-deserved success.

In recent years C. B. Purdom has not been so prominent, but he will be remembered as editor for a number of years of the popular weekly review—*Everyman* (then still published and owned by Messrs. Dent).

Once again Richard Church contributes to our pages. A poet of charm and distinction, he is also the well-known novelist whose book, *The Portent* was recently awarded the Femina Vie Heureuse Prize.



## THE FORTNIGHTLY BAZAAR

The Sunday Times Sixth National Book Fair is announced as bigger and better and will take place this year, not at Dorland Hall, but at Earls Court from November 4 to 21. No doubt it will be a very great advantage to have all the publishers vying with one another on a single floor, but one (especially one situated in the Charing Cross district) cannot help regretting that a book exhibition has departed from the West End on the grounds of space. But that the exhibition will be excellent, there is no doubt. There will be the usual lectures by famous people, discussions and debates. There will be working demonstrations, including an 18th century press, competitions, Sleuth's Corner, special features and, of course, thousands and thousands of books appealing in brave show from under the banner of their individual publisher.

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Morley College, 61, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1., is giving public lectures on Tuesday evenings on the subject of Contemporary Art and Literature. The lecturers in this course include, Mr. Eric Gill, Mr. Walter de la Mare, Mr. Herbert Read, Mr. Edward Maufe, Mr. Thomas Baird, and Mr. Antony Tudor. These lectures will be followed in the Easter Term by a course on The World To-day.

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Robert Speaight, just back from a tour in America which completed a four years run of *Murder in the Cathedral*, is one of the tutors at the new GUILD THEATRE STUDIO, 3 Roger Street, Grays Inn Road, W.C.1., for Amateurs now open for enrolment. The first term began on Monday, September 26, and the Studio shows every sign of establishing itself as one of the most interesting movements in the London Amateur Theatre. Michael MacOwan, the Westminster Theatre producer, responsible among many notable successes for *Mourning Becomes Electra* is giving a series of lectures on production. Richard Southern is the new Studio's Technical Adviser. He will also take courses on Theatre Setting, Scenic Construction and Stage Lighting, and is co-operating in the Direction of the Studio with Michael Rose, recently Durham Producer under the Government Scheme for the Distressed Areas. Michael Rose will take a course on Acting and one on Practical Play Production, and will produce the first Guild Theatre Studio play. The fees payable for the Courses are from a guinea a term and may be paid in two equal instalments or by weekly payments.

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The September issue of the Aryan Path, a magazine of Theosophical Philosophy and History published in Bombay, but with a London office at 7, Great Cumberland Place, W.1, was of outstanding interest. Issued as a special *Hind Swaraj* number, it contained a message from M. K. Gandhi. Those who write about *Hind Swaraj* include Frederick Soddy, G. H. D. Cole, while C. Delisle Burns has a most illuminating article entitled "*The Teaching of Gandhi*". John Middleton Murry is another contributor, who sums up Gandhi's work as a *Spiritual Classic*.



Misprints have often caused amusement ; *Punch* finds a bagful every week. But misprints sometimes cause pain and the misprint which appeared in our issue last month was not greeted by one of our valued advertisers with any pleasure. Messrs. Williams and Norgate were advertising several books in our October number, one of which was *Six Centuries of Fine Prints* by Carl Zigrosser. The quotation from the *Manchester Guardian* should have read, "The 488 reproductions form as comprehensive an anthology of prints as one could wish for, including an Oriental section". How it actually did read is best forgotten. We are sorry.

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The University of London has just published its list of University Extension Lectures for the forthcoming Session. These lectures, held in many parts of London and the suburbs, are given at hours convenient to those engaged in day-time occupations who wish to devote some part of their leisure to study. Courses which should prove of great interest at the present time are those arranged on (a) Current Problems in Europe, (b) China, Japan and the Far Eastern Problem, (c) American History and Affairs, (d) Contemporary Drama, (e) Art Treasures of London, and (f) Using the Body Wisely. In addition courses on various periods or aspects of History, Literature, Architecture, Painting, Psychology, Political Science and Economics will be found in the programme. Amongst those who will be giving courses are Prof. Winifred Cullis, Sir Banister Fletcher, Professor S. H. Hooke, Dr. Cyril Joad, Professor Mottram, Professor Newton, Sir Bernard Pares, Rev. B. Lee Woolf.